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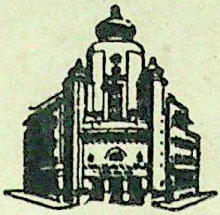

BHAVAN'S BOOK UNIVERSITY

MINSTRELS OF GOD

Part II

Bankey Behari

GENERAL EDITORS

K. M. MUNSHI

R. R. DIWAKAR

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN, BOMBAY

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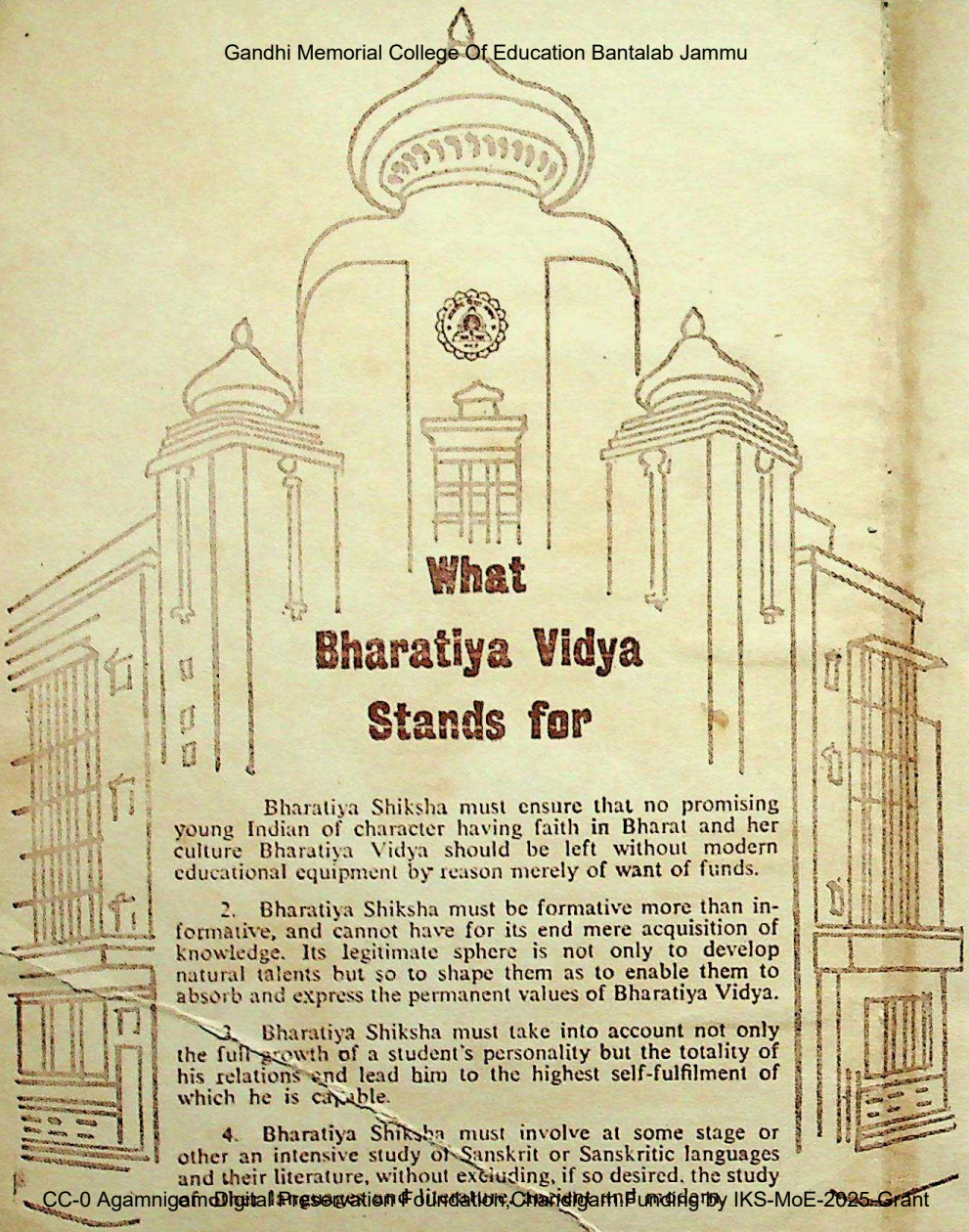

What Bharatiya Vidya Stands for

Bharatiya Shiksha must ensure that no promising young Indian of character having faith in Bharat and her culture Bharatiya Vidya should be left without modern educational equipment by reason merely of want of funds.

2. Bharatiya Shiksha must be formative more than informative, and cannot have for its end mere acquisition of knowledge. Its legitimate sphere is not only to develop natural talents but so to shape them as to enable them to absorb and express the permanent values of Bharatiya Vidya.

3. Bharatiya Shiksha must take into account not only the full growth of a student's personality but the totality of his relations and lead him to the highest self-fulfilment of which he is capable.

4. Bharatiya Shiksha must involve at some stage or other an intensive study of Sanskrit or Sanskritic languages and their literature, without excluding, if so desired, the study of [illegible]

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5. The re-integration of Bharatiya Vidya, which is the primary object of Bharatiya Shiksha, can only be attained through a study of forces, movements, motives, iddas, forms and art of creative life-energy through which it has expressed itself in different ages as a single continuous process.

6. Bharatiya Shiksha must stimulate the student's power of expression, both written and oral, at every stage in accordance with the highest ideals attained by the great literary masters in the intellectual and moral spheres.

7. The technique of Bharatiya Shiksha must involve—

(a) the adoption by the teacher of the *Guru* attitude which consists in taking a personal interest in the student; inspiring and encouraging him to achieve distinction in his studies; entering into his life with a view to form ideals and remove psychological obstacles; and creating in him a spirit of consecration; and

(b) the adoption by the student of the *Shishya* attitude by the development of—

(i) respect for the teacher,

(ii) a spirit of inquiry,

(iii) a spirit of service towards the teacher, the institution, Bharat and Bharatiya Vidya.

8. The ultimate aim of Bharatiya Shiksha is to teach the younger generation to appreciate and live up to the permanent values of Bharatiya Vidya which flowing from the supreme art of creative life-energy as represented by Shri Ramachandra, Shri Krishna, Vyasa, Buddha and Mahavira have expressed themselves in modern times in the life of Shri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, Swami Dayananda Saraswati, and Swami Vivekananda, Shri Aurobindo and Mahatma Gandhi.

9. Bharatiya Shiksha while equipping the student with every kind of scientific and technical training must teach the student, not to sacrifice an ancient form or attitude to an unreasoning passion for change; not to retain a form or attitude which in the light of modern times can be replaced by another form or attitude which is a truer and more effective expression of the spirit of Bharatiya Vidya; and to capture the spirit afresh for each generation to present it to the world.

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(Part II)

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GENERAL EDITOR'S PREFACE

THE Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan—that Institute of Indian Culture in Bombay—needed a Book University, a series of books which, if read, would serve the purpose of providing higher education. Particular emphasis, however, was to be put on such literature as revealed the deeper impulsions of India. As a first step, it was decided to bring out in English 100 books, 50 of which were to be taken in hand almost at once. Each book was to contain from 200 to 250 pages and was to be priced at Rs. 1-12-0.

It is our intention to publish the books we select, not only in English, but also in the following Indian languages: Hindi, Bengali, Gujarati, Marathi, Tamil, Telugu, Kannada and Malayalam.

This scheme, involving the publication of 900 volumes, requires ample funds and an all-India organisation. The Bhavan is exerting its utmost to supply them.

The objectives for which the Bhavan stands are the reintegration of the Indian culture in the light of modern knowledge and to suit our present-day needs and the resuscitation of its fundamental values in their pristine vigour.

Let me make our goal more explicit:

We seek the dignity of man, which necessarily implies the creation of social conditions which would allow him freedom to evolve along the lines of his own temperament and capacities; we seek the harmony of individual efforts and social relations, not in any makeshift way, but within the frame-work of the Moral Order; we seek the creative art of life, by the alchemy of which human limitations are progressively transmuted, so that man may become the instrument of God, and is able to see Him in all and all in Him.

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The world, we feel, is too much with us. Nothing would uplift or inspire us so much as the beauty and aspiration which such books can teach.

In this series, therefore, the literature of India, ancient and modern, will be published in a form easily accessible to all. Books in other literatures of the world, if they illustrate the principles we stand for, will also be included.

This common pool of literature, it is hoped, will enable the reader, eastern or western, to understand and appreciate currents of world thought, as also the movements of the mind in India, which, though they flow through different linguistic channels, have a common urge and aspiration.

Fittingly, the Book University's first venture is the *Mahabharata,* summarised by one of the greatest living Indians, C. Rajagopalachari; the second work is on a section of it; the *Gita* by H. V. Divatia, an eminent jurist and a student of philosophy. Centuries ago, it was proclaimed of the *Mahabharata*: "What is not in it, is nowhere." After twenty-five centuries, we can use the same words about it. He who knows it not, knows not the heights and depths of the soul; he misses the trials and tragedy and the beauty and grandeur of life.

The *Mahabharata* is not a mere epic; it is a romance, telling the tale of heroic men and women and of some who were divine; it is a whole literature in itself, containing a code of life, a philosophy of social and ethical relations, and speculative thought on human problems that is hard to rival; but, above all, it has for its core the *Gita* which is, as the world is beginning to find out, the noblest of scriptures and the grandest of sages in which the climax is reached in the wondrous Apocalypse in the Eleventh Canto.

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Through such books alone the harmonies underlying true culture, I am convinced, will one day reconcile the disorders of modern life.

I thank all those who have helped to make this new branch of the Bhavan's activity successful.

1, QUEEN VICTORIA ROAD,
NEW DELHI,
3rd October, 1951.

K. M. MUNSHI

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Chandidas

Vidyapati

Chaitanya

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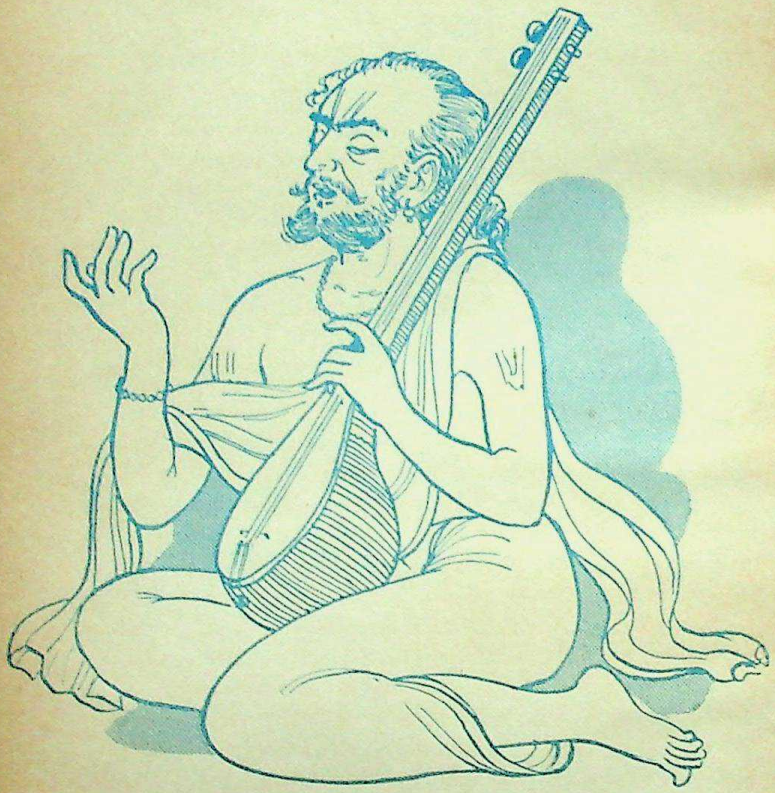

SURDAS Sketch: *R. Rawal*

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Chapter VI

SURDAS

The Singer of *Sur-Sagar*

(1479 A.D. to 1584 A.D.)

Boehme wrote: *"Behold, if thou desirest to see God's Light in thy Soul and be divinely illuminated and conducted this is the short way that thou art to take; to let not the Eye of the Spirit enter into Matter or fill itself with anything whatever either in Heaven or Earth, but to let it enter by a naked faith into the Light of the Majesty"—(Dialogues of the Supersensual Life—P. 66).*

The saints of Braj—the land that bears in it the eternal marks of the feet of the Darling of Nanda—the Great Lover who wooed Radha—lived this maxim of life. They wrote their names on water, aye, at times in the skies. Amidst such a brilliant galaxy shines forth Saint Surdas, born blind, and therefore neglected and ill-treated by the members of the family. This lad sought shelter of Him, who is the last shelter of the shelterless. He started to live in a hut in the village, and succeeded in earning his livelihood from the alms and fees he got from the villagers whose future he predicted by intuition. He spent most of his time in devotion, and somehow managed to learn Sanskrit. He then started to compose songs. He shifted to Gaughat between Agra and Muttra—where he made many disciples and gave discourses and *upadesh.*

It so happened that when he was just out of his teens the great Acharya of Shudhadvaita Vaishnava Siddhant, Sri Vallabhacharya passed that way. When Surdas went to make his obeisance, he was struck by the greatness of the great Teacher and ultimately accepted him as his guru. He was initiated by him. He used to sing to the Lord, in all humility, prayers for the forgiveness of his sins and with

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such a zest that all were moved. Sri Vallabhacharya imparted to him the secret of Sri Radha Krishna *lilas*, and thereafter he sang of the episodes of the Lord Sri Radha Krishna. His work is known all over the country as *Sur-Sagar*, and has been translated in part into the various languages of India and Europe. He was a man of great renunciation and all his time was spent in divine worship in Govardhan. Up to the last he did not leave the four walls of Braj. King Akbar, his court musician Tansen and many well-known saints and rulers visited him and were struck by his glowing and feeling description of the *Lila* of the Lord, which he sang with zest and fervour for he actually saw them all! His songs are incorporated in that magnum opus of Vaishnava Poetry—the *Sur-Sagar* mentioned above. It is reputed that originally it comprised one lac songs composed by Surdas, but now only some eight thousand are available. It is very difficult to cull from this sublime garden which deals with practically all the topics mentioned in the *Srimad Bhagwat*. We cite below some songs—which are either prayers offered to the Lord in meekness and humility or else descriptions of *Lilas* of Sri Radha Krishna[1]:—

(1)

Who is there to hear—the sad note of my plaint?
I can see none other than Thee as omnipotent, and kind O Banwari!
Thou art the Lord of the helpless, Comforter of the homeless,—Dweller in bowers of Braja!
Enough witnesses testify that ever Thou hast helped Thy suppliants and fulfilled their cherished desires.
If Thou art going to reject a suppliant like me, who has surrendered totally at Thy feet, tell me to whom should I turn.
Lord! Surdas is devoted to Thee, pray do not be wroth and forsake him not. (Vide App. Item 105).

[1] Vide Surdas by Jagmohan Verma, pp. 105–138.

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(2)

Good or evil, whatever we be, we belong to Thee,
I beg of Thee Lord! it is in Thy hands to save me from dishonour and calumny.
Renouncing all I have approached Thee and clasped Thy Lotus Feet close to my heart.
Fearless have I become, emboldened, girded as I am in the thought of Thy strength.
This truth is also revealed to me that all *devas* (gods) are beggars at Thine door.
Happy is Surdas, who by Thy Grace much comfort has enjoyed. (Vide App. Item 106).

(3)

I shall pass my days with Thee, living as Thou wishest me to live.
Thou knowest every pain and desire for pleasure that dwelleth in my heart, so why should I repeat them?
What does it matter, O Compassionate One! whether Thou confereth on me plenty of food or none at all?
What if, one day I ride on an elephant on another day carry another's load?
I ever live a slave of Thine—O Dark-complexioned Lotus-Eyed Darling!
Thou art a boon, a blessing to the devotees. I offer myself at Thy Lotus Feet. Says Surdas. (Vide App. Item 107).

(4)

I die of shame and dare not appear and pray for Thy forgiveness.
From head to foot I am steeped in sins.
So mean and repellent am I, that Thou wilt seek in vain to find my compeer.
The three stages of life, childhood, manhood and old age I passed in sin.

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My acts are so degraded that none before me hath committed them, nor shall any do so in the future.
Even hell is loathe to give a corner to me, so fallen.
Lord! really Thou hath no cause to take pride in Thy name—the Redeemer of the fallen
For Thou revelest only in the simple acts of reclaiming small sinners.
Surdas will see justification in Thy name only if one fallen like him is redeemed by Thee. (Vide App. Item 108).

(5)

Lord! very great service hast Thou rendered me
A human birth Thou conferred, to pass in contemplation but alas as a sinner I wasted it.
Thou didst not overlook me when, upturned I hung in the mother's womb, as veritably in a hell.
Thou protected me from the burning fire in the stomach, and helped my body to keep its gloss.
Many a sin have I committed since my birth, and I am indeed ruined.
Thou art the redeemer of the fallen, save me, prays Surdas. (Vide App. Item 109).

(6)

To whom are we to repeat our tale of woe?
My mental agony consumes me, the heart within burns like the oven.
I know no rest at home or in the wilderness for all night and all day I am afire.
Very often my despondency makes me lose hope and seek peace by drowning in the river.
How can one pass the time without the Lotus-Eyed Shyama by one's side? asks Surdas. (Vide App. Item 110).

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(7)

Thou art the reliever of the agony of the humble suppliants, and comforter of the saints!
Illustrations of this are not wanting—did Ye not save the fallen Ajamil, Jatayu and the hunter utterly without any devotion and worship to their credit?
Did Ye not save Ganika the courtesan, merely because she taught her parrot to repeat Thy name?
To Thy devotee Ye gave a kingdom, and saved Prahlad from the tyranny of his father.
And for Thy devotees' sake ye made a bridge over the sea to Lanka.
Thou accepted from Sudama rice and from Bidurani fruits and enjoyed even the plums tasted already by a forest dweller Bhilini maid Shabari.
When the elephant fell into trouble Thou saved him from the clutches of the crocodile.
Draupadi, Ye saved as she called for Thee and did not let her go naked.
In the hope of Thy kindness and grace Surdas stands at Thy door. (Vide App. Item 111)

(8)

Whatever is destined by the Lord Gopal will come to pass, whatever may happen,
If one seeks by personal effort to change the course of destiny—he is sadly mistaken.
Therefore wash away all faith in effort, *mantras* and the like
Whatever Lord Nandnandan has inscribed in your lot, there is none who can erase it.
Then why waste time pondering on good and evil consequences of the deeds that may fall to your lot?
Believe me, says Surdas, God is kindness incarnate, therefore let thy mind dwell on His Lotus Feet. (Vide App. Item 112)

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(9)

Watch my friend! Mohan makes my heart a prisoner by spreading His beauty's net!
Watch His captivating glances, and observe how He twists His curved eye-brows.
The sandal paste on His forehead shoots cooling rays.
If simile can be offered it is as if His locks are like serpents come to drink the nectar on His moon-like forehead.
His twin eye-brows may be compared to the two rivers Ganges and Jamuna flowing slantwise on the face.
When such charm is witnessed by the Gopis, they feel themselves drowned
Deep in the Blue Ocean of Beauty, which is Shyama, and are unable to cross over it. (Vide App. Item 113).

(10)

Laments Radha, "*Sakhis!* I could not enjoy to the full the beauty of Shyama.
At the mere sight of Him my eyes were filled with tears of happiness,
I was very disturbed at their obstructing my vision but however much I tried to hold them back, they continued to flow.
Perhaps they feared the reprimand of the eye-lids that served as sentinels.
Says the Gopi Radha! Why murmur at their behaviour?
The fault is of Shyama Who exhibits such charming loveliness." (Vide App. Item 114).

(11)

Sakhi! Observe Shyama—a veritable Sea of Beauty
Yes, a sea—which, with all our intelligence
knowledge we cannot cross.

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Like unto the blue of the sea is His dark complexion, in which His *pitambar* flits like the waves.
Like unto the whirlpool is His gait as He walks majestically.
His eyes are like two fish, the ear-rings curved like the crocodiles and like unto snakes are His supple arms.
On His breast the pearly-necklaces like twin Ganges appear.
His shining nails, His glorious crown and ornaments like unto the moon and stars cast reflections in the deep waters.
Is this beautiful Form, then, made by the creator by kneading the Divine Sea of Nectar?
The Gopis seeing such Form, seek to ponder over it and enjoy it
But they are lost to themselves as they gaze at It and cannot cross that Sea of Beauty. (Vide App. Item 115).

(12)

None—who fell into the snare of Love has enjoyed life.
The moth made love to the candle; death came as the reward.
The *bhramar* made love to the lotus—It lost the wealth of life.
The deer made love to the sweetness of the hunter's musical note, it fell into the snare that cost it its life.
As for us Gopis who made love to Madhava, we now find ourselves forsaken and helpless.
So has it been with me, says Surdas, I surrendered to Him and in the end tears fell to my lot into bargain. (Vide App. Item 116).

(13)

Our eyes yearn to enjoy the Light of the beautiful form of Hari, say the Gopis.

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Our eye-lids flutter as the wings of a fly that is held snared between the fingers.

Having been cut off from the nectar of life we anxiously wait in fruitless anticipation.

Tired after long searching and sojourn, we *Sakhis*, sit unable to flee.

Victims of the pangs of separation, like a trapped insect we strike our heads repeatedly.

"Only if the Lord returns", says Surdas "shall we be revived and regain life. Then shall we feel as fish thrown back into the sea". (Vide App. Item 117).

(14)

"To what purpose do you retain, my *Sakhis*, this body, without Shyama?"

It behoves us rather to drink poison and end our life.

Either let us climb to the mountain top and falling therefrom bid adieu to this existence.

Or let us burn ourselves to ashes or die drowning ourselves in the waters of Jamuna.

Very difficult it is to pass these moments of agony without Madhava!"

Thus saying Radhaji pines away for Shyama! says Surdas. (Vide App. Item 118).

(15)

These eyes, yearn for a vision of Shyama!

They suffer and are sad, waiting the whole day for the Lotus-Eyed Shyama,

When Udhava came with a message from Him, old memories were aroused and only served to awaken our pain,

It reminded us of those happy days when our Beloved dwelt amongst us gorgeously attired and bathed in sweetness and splendour.

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Says Surdas, it is difficult to understand these yearnings for the Separated One.

Thy lover longs to go to Kasi and end his life by having his head cut off on the scaffold. (Vide App. Item 119).

(16)

Udhava! As rash is the Gopis' claim of His love so is thy claim that thou art His faithful servant. Nor are we really ailing in separation from Him.

Dost thou not consider the meaninglessness of thy *yoga* message, to give up the Form for the worship of the Formless?

Neither the fish survives separated from the beloved water, nor *papiha* lives without rain.

Yours is the helpless position like that of a lotus which in its ignorance loves not the water from which it is born.

Does the lotus for fear of the fire and heat turn its face from the Sun?

Dasarath really understood Love and gave up life when Beloved Rama parted,

Love's demand is fulfilled if life is sacrificed at the altar of love, without heeding the world's opinion, says Surdas. (Vide App. Item 120).

(17)

Udhava! repeat not the painful *yoga* message again.

Remain silent if you desire us to live a little.

You revel in joy, while we suffer tortures when you ask us to devote ourselves to the Formless Lord.

Better we give up our life than our Faith in worship of Shyama of the beautiful FORM.

Remembering our past love He sent you as a messenger,

And you come to fan in us the smouldering fire of separation.

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Either take us to Hari or bring Hari here or else we shall sacrifice our lives and the blame will lie on your head. (Vide App. Item 121).

(18)

Says Udhava to Sri Krishna:—

Very Sweet is Sri Brishbhan Kumari—Radha—today with dust covered all over.

Donning old soiled garments and reluctant to have them washed for fear of losing from them the marks left by touches of Shyama, when He danced the *Ras*-dance with her,

Her eyes are always down-cast, and she never raises them.

Her body has lost all its effulgence as a lotus plant crushed with hailstones.

On hearing the message I delivered to her, even the last breath of life seemed to leave her.

Thus in agony she passes her time, she, once so dearly Beloved of Thee in Braja, O! Shyama. (Vide App. Item 122).

(19)

Says Udhava:—

Upon my appearance Radha thinking Thee hath come, with closed eyes, stretched out her arms to greet Thee, O' Krishna.

Her body all shivering, her legs unsteady, her bosom heaving, she stepped forth

But unable to keep her balance, she fell injuring her arms, her hair dishevelled and dust covered her body.

It was as if she read Love's message from a distance.

She was as miserable as a snake deprived of his crest-jewel.

Udhava was unable to express in words the gravity of the scene he saw, says Surdas. (Vide App. Item 123).

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(20)

Says Udhava:—

Shyama! who is there besides Thee who the state of the pining can Radha understand?

How, do what she may, she burns and knows no rest!

When she is in command of her senses she repeats Thy name incessantly—Shyama!

And as a result of such recollection she loses herself and she believes she is turned to a veritable Shyama.

Thus changed into Thee, for Radha she laments, calling her by name

Like unto an insect held in a hollow bamboo between a fire at either end,

She suffers, finding no escape from the fire of separation. She knows no rest. (Vide App. Item 124).

(21)

Says Radha:—

If one goeth a pilgrim to Mathura,

Let him take to my Shyamsundar the letter I have written for Him, in token I shall give him my anklets.

In my letter have I written "Madhav! where is that love gone which urged Thee to meet me playing the flute?

Knowest Thou that night is now passed, in shedding tears the bed drenched by them.

The spring has no charm for me, the palace looks dreary and forbidding.

Madhava! if Ye return not *now*, what wilt Thou find coming later, (Radha will have passed away by then)?" (Vide App. Item 125).

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(22)

Sakhi! without Madhava! everything has turned against Radha
The rosy face turned sallow and pale pining for Shyama
The eyes that were like unto lotuses in bloom, appear as pale as dry leaves.
The once-golden-hued body, now appears as if the gold's effulgence had been robbed by fire.
The beautiful back that vied with the glorious plantain trunk is turned lean—as if turned inside out,
Thus by parting from Sri Radha, the Lord took away all her beauty from her says Surdas. (Vide App. Item 126).

(23)

Says Radha:—
Udhava! if this body should again be incarnate,
This I pray, that my mind should love none besides Nandnandan,
That of the skin of this body a drum should be made so that when struck,
It would melodiously utter Shyama, Shyama!
That of its veins, a stringed instrument be made,
So that at all hours it would reverberate with the music of Shyama Murari's name.
And that when this body is turned into dust, a creeper with lovely flowers may appear out of it,
Which flowers when plucked by him,
Would produce the sound 'Shyama! Shyama' at the gardener's touch. (Vide App. Item 127).

(24)

Says Mother Yasoda:—
Udhava! observest Thou the condition of the dwellers of Braja?

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How heavily they draw their breath, as tears fill their eyes, remembering the Eternal Beloved?

The condition of Mother Yasoda is lamentable—she looks as if a snake had bitten her.

It is difficult to understand why even having asked the creator to deprive them of life, they are not allowed to throw it off and die.

As for Nanda, he dare not display his agony lest it add fuel to the fire that burns the rest.

The cows seized by the agony of separation have become lean without Shyama.

Today not so much as a smile is ever seen on the faces of even the children.

Why O Lord! after having once conferred the joy of Thy company, hast Thou thus brought amongst them the agony of separation? asks Surdas. (Vide App. Item 128).

(25)

Says Radha:—

Tell me where shall I meet my Gopal?

I will don the *yogi's* dress, wear long hair, take the bowl and besmear ashes on my body.

For my Beloved Hari's sake I will wander in the world, attired as is Shiva.

Separation—which is my *guru*—has imparted this lesson to me—burn thyself thus for His sake.

'The lamentable plight of the Gopis is like unto the snake that has lost its crest jewel, says Surdas. (Vide App. Item 129).

(26)

Say the Gopis:—

Udhava! please carry to Madhava this simple message of ours!

"Without the sight of Thee, the cows suffer, are sad, lean and grown very melancholy.

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The tears flow from their eyes as they smell the spots where Thou sat milching them
They fall senseless to the ground unable to endure the agony.
Their condition is as of fish taken out of water and cast on to the burning sands", says Surdas. (Vide App. Item 130).

(27)

Mother Yasoda laments:—
Shall I thus die yearning in vain for my Krishna?
Will he never come back to my courtyard, and shall I never hold Him with affection in my lap?
When shall I comfort my eyes gazing affectionately into His sweet face?
When again will He ask of me butter and milk? and I offer them to Him with affection?
In the hope of meeting Him I will survive for a few days more,
But if He returns not, I shall surely plunge into the waters of Jamuna and drown myself. (Vide App. Item 131).

(28)

Which way am I to proceed, *Sakhi*, for I have lost the trail?
I did not observe which way He escaped, as I was so lost in contemplation of Him.
I am seeking my Beloved in the wilderness for I am pining for Him,
As I was absorbed tending the wound of Love—He found excuse to slip away.
I seek Him in the jungle, forsaking my home and the town.
I ask the very trees and creepers which way my Beloved went but, alas! none shows me the way.

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A helpless maniac, I wander seeking Him.
If this time I find Him, not for one moment will I leave Him again.
I shall seat Him in my heart and close the doors of my eyes:
Thus having met, says Sri Radha, I shall enjoy the Dalliance Dances with Him, sings Surdas. (Vide App. Item 132).

(29)

The separated ones of Braj—pining for their Beloved Gopal, are
Turned dark and thin in anticipation of His return to Braja.
Every morning and evening Nanda and Yasoda awaiting for His return stand and watch the path.
The tears stream from eyes as "Kanha" "Kanha" they call Him plaitively by name.
The Gopis, the cowherd and the cows are all grown lean and helpless waiting for Gopal!
They look as forlorn as the stars in the sky at the night without the moon in their midst, says Surdas. (Vide App. Item 133).

(30)

Take heed of the helpless ones, O Lord!
The Gopis of Braj, the cows, the cowherd and the calves are all grown so lean, poorly and depressed pining for Thee day in and day out.
From their eyes, tears in floods are gushing out. It seems that they will inundate Braj unless Thou succour them by extending Thy benignant hands.
Pray accede to their prayers and throw out life-line to the Gopis.
Pray lend to them the canoe of Thy Lotus Feet that catching it they may cross the dreary ocean of Thy separation.

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Fulfil their hope and bless them with Thy vision by going over only once to BRAJ, Surdas prays. (Vide App. Item 134).

(31)

Day and night, tears rain from our eyes incessantly.

Since Shyama left us, our eyes rain like the clouds in the rainy season.

The adornment of the eyes is washed away and the cheeks are coloured black.

Our garments are drenched and cannot be dried.

Our body is wet—day and night.

Surdas pleads to Thee, O Lord! save Braj from drowning in the sea of the agony of Thy separation. (Vide App. Item 135).

(32)

When will He of the beautiful Lotus Eyes—my Shyama visit me?

The blooming red flowers that, with Him by our side gave us joy—

Without Him now burn us like scintillating fire.

What avails it, our going now to gather flowers in the garden?

When Hari is not there with us, flowers prick us like thorns.

When I go to Jamuna, my eyes flow in torrents, and the very waters rise, with these accumulated tears.

At times my bed is so covered with tears, that I could well make a canoe of it and on it reach my Beloved.

My breath is leaving my lips—Dear one! come and save me by granting Thy vision. Thus sings Surdas, the song of Gopis. (Vide App. Item 136).

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(33)

Why dost thou cry "Beloved! O my Beloved, O *papiya?*"
This cry of love, I tell thee, shall take away thy life.
Why fillest thou thine eyes with tears? Thou wrongly thinkest that thus thou wilt gain peace?
Why drawest thou sighs? This shall only fan higher the flames of separation's fire.
It is useless to try to soothe thy breast with cool lotus leaves and fragrances.
Seat thyself in some lonely corner, and terrify not the moon, lest for fear of being burnt by thy agony's fire it rise not at all.
Such is Thy separation's agony that if the moon came near it, it would be burnt, says Surdas. (Vide App. Item 137).

(34)

Udhava! no lovers are we!
For how can a lover's life endure the pang of separation from the Beloved?
But there is reason for life persisting in us for though the pangs wound our heart, the hope of Krishna's return to Brindaban again heals those wounds.
We are surprised that thy *yoga* message—to give up the love of Krishna's Form for that of the Formless Lord—does not tear our heart asunder.
Perhaps our heart is grown as hard as stone.
These eyes rain torrents—and yet the heart melts and pines not away.
Life and death are both heavy loads on our shoulders.
We die of shame that we cannot be called thy lovers,
Sings Surdas, of the plight of the Gopis. (Vide—App. Item 138).

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Chapter VII

NARSI MEHTA

The Pioneer Gujarati Lyric *Garba*[1] Singer.

(1414—1481 A.D.)

It was still the small hours of the morning, when Sri Bansidhar, the Tehsildar, heard a familiar, melodious voice pouring the very nectar into his ears. The lines thrilled him and as a result before his mind's eye flashed like lightning the yellow *pitambar* while the blue-complexioned One appeared donning His favourite peacock-feathered crown and gorgeously attired in flowers culled from the wilds of Brindaban. The Form appeared and in the next moment vanished. Aroused as if from a wakeful ecstasy and irresistibly drawn towards the voice that came from the street below, Sri Bansidhar left his bed and peeped through the windows. A unique form was there to greet him, with tears rolling from his eyes. The music he was playing on his *kartal*, matched the sweet song which he seemed to be composing at that very instant:—

(1)

"Krishna! Krishna! Sweet Beloved Krishna" chanting these sweet names, steeped in nectar, you awake from your bed, O devotee.

All else, besides the Lord's name is a phantom and as mere dust. Krishna dwelleth in Gokul and fulfilleth my wishes and desires. Ah! how glorious are His exploits, steeped in compassion, and filled with His Grace!

[1] Folk songs.

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He reclaimed Ganika a common woman and enacted the story of Ahalya who ascended the celestial regions. I am making offering to His sweet name.

Krishna is my father, my mother, my kinsman, my kith and kin. Remember! that in the end thou shalt depart alone with only Krishna following thee.

The name of the Lord and He Himself are One in their efficacy and no difference exists between the two.

Repeat it and believe Narsi and you will easily become an heir to His *Vaikuntha* and reach His Lotus Feet. (For text Vide App. Item 139).

Hearing these words, Bansidharji came down the stairs and rushed to the Swami dressed in *pitambar* and having donned the peacock-feather crown, with *kartal* in his hands, and big tear-drops rolling down his closed eyes, lost to himself and to the world around.....
.....but, to his surprise, in him Bansidhar recognised his brother and all the temporary ecstasy faded and he misinterpreted the whole scene, and reprimanded Narsi with harsh words 'O you wretched impostor, what does this strange dress mean? Only ten days back I turned you out of my house for suffering from the malady of the *kartal* and doing no work, and instead of repenting for your sinful acts, I find you in this new garb come to dupe me and my relatives. Shame on you!'

But all words were unheeded by Narsi who, in his ecstasy heard them not and went on to compose new songs one after the other.

(2)

Repeat the name of Krishna, drink of the nectar of sweet Krishna. The valuable moments of life are slipping away. Like rain water, all will pass away—only the name

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of the Lord will remain, for it is eternal. Repeat the name every day and every night.

Rulers like Ravana could not escape the clutches of the God of Death and they fell a prey to ignominy and shame and ultimately kissed the dust. Nor can millionaires with their long purses lure away the terrible guest. His name alone transcends Time and Change. Believe Narsi, remember It always and you will surely escape the cycle of rebirth. (Vide App. Item 140).

(3)

In this Kali (Iron Age), you sing the name Hari. It involves no expense, while great is the return It brings. The Lord is bound with the bonds of *Bhakti*, cherish It and He will always follow you. Leave aside egoism. Bow down to His Lotus Feet. Remember Death, it stands over you waiting to sweep down upon you. Why twist your moustaches? *Kal* (Time) mocks your arrogance, and frowns at your vanity. Your sins have coloured your intellect and your vision is warped. He loves all alike, none is small to Him, nor ignored by Him. But the *Bhakta* is especially dear to Him. Your sins are a veil between you and Him. Leave the husk (world) and hold fast to the grain (the Lord's feet). Repeat incessantly the name Hari. *Bhakti* is the essence and the root, all else is ephemeral and like a shadow passes away, Narsi says. (Vide App. Item 141)

Now Bansidharji was determined in his insolence to insult Narsi and torture him. So he pulled Narsi harshly ringing him out of his ecstasy (*bhav-samadhi*) and again greeted him with the curt demand:—

Bansidhar:—Where did you get this queer *Vaishnava* habit of the Order of the Krishnites?

Narsi:—From the Lord Radha Krishna Himself.

Bansidhar:—(mockingly) How?

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Narsi:—(catching hold of his brother's feet and softly uttering in a grateful tone):—

'Bhabhiy bhagya udey karyo mane kahyan te kathin bachan
Tyare Narsiyo nirbhay thayo, pamyo te Jagjivan.'[2]

It is all the outcome of the kindness of my sister-in-law (your wife) who after ill-treating me long ultimately turned me out of the house along with my wife Manek Bai and my daughter Kunwar Bai. I proceeded to a *dharmshala* (stranger's home) closeby and while my wife and child went to sleep hungry, I softly slipped away and for seven days fasted before Lord Shiva's Idol in a dilapidated temple in the outskirts of the town. Lord Shiva appeared to me on the last day and on my asking him to give me the thing He held most dear and sacred, he took me to Lord Radha Krishna in their *Gauloka Vaikuntha Dham:* and there I witnessed, the *Ras lila* (Dalliance Dances) and with the Lord's behest have come back to this world for a short time. On parting He gave me this *pitambar, kartals* and peacock plume as a head-dress, telling me that He will appear before me whenever I so desire.....

Bansidhar: (interrupting) Stop this madness and once more behave like a householder and take up work. All our relations are shocked at your condition.

Narsi: 'Jo rotho to roth ja, ma re Nankumar sun kamre
Kutumb sahu koi kede lagan jan jan agal lawan re.'

What care I for the displeasure of the world, I am slave of Nandkumar! I seek only to serve Him and none besides. Adieu, brother, go and mind your

[2]Quoted by Mr. Jhaveri in his *Milestones of Gujarati Literature* Ft. Note to pp. 45.

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own business. Do not come between me and my Lord's service, the Divine Kirtan.

In the years that followed, he astounded all by his miracles.[3] People used to torture him and the Lord would appear and help him out of trouble, and his fame spread. Narsi's faith in the Lord was ever present to summon the Lord to his aid. His renunciation was enviable. We record a few incidents of his life in support of these statements.

On one occasion, to bring shame on poor Narsi, people sent some strangers proceeding to Dwaraka to ask him to issue a *hundi* (draft) in the name of some influential and well-known merchant there. Established in the faith of Lord Krishna he issued the draft on Him—Sanwal Sah. And the Lord in order to keep his honour unblemished appeared as Seth Sanwal Sah in person at Dwaraka and accepted it. Thus spread the fame of Narsi.

On another occasion to make fun of the poverty of Narsi, the relations of his daughter's husband issued a fake letter inviting Narsi Ji, on the occasion of his daughter, Kunwar Bai's, first pregnancy ceremony to come with costly presents. To save his honour, the Lord appeared and satisfied the wishes of all, thus making Narsi well-known as a devotee all over the country.

Narsi was so persecuted at the hands of his caste-fellows, that disgusted, he once sang:—

'Nirdhan ne vali nat nagri, ma deyis Prabhu avatar re
.....na ape vatki ash re.'

"So spiteful and miserly are these *nagar* caste people of my town, that I pray that if a second birth falls to my lot, I may not be born into that caste but rather be born poor."

An astounding miracle happened when the Ruler of Junagadh, Rai Mandlik, called upon Narsi to refute

[3] Twenty of them recorded by Sri Ichcharam Desai in his *Bhakt Kavi*

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the charges of his accusers, who accused him to be a hypocrite and a pretender who claimed to have recourse to Sri Krishna and to witness His *Ras lila* dances. Narsi submitted to the trial in the Raja's Temple. A miracle took place. All those assembled, including the Raja, saw the temple-door open at a certain moment and a garland fall on Narsiji, while Narsi himself actually saw the Lord garlanding him. Observing His mercy Narsi, fell senseless in a fervour of gratitude.

Narsi was a pioneer whose contribution to Gujarati literature is the greatest. Only Sri Mira Bai comes near to him. All the others such as Premanand fall far short of him and cannot compare with him when describing the *Bhakti* themes and Radha Krishna's exploits. As the propounder and preacher of ethical and moral principles, his place in Gujarat is virtually pre-eminent amongst the saints.

Narsi's *vairagya* (detachment) is exemplary and his life emphasises that renunciation is the most important first stride in the path that leads to Illumination. When Narsi's wife and son died, he expressed himself in the following lines:—

"Bhalun thyon bhagi janjal
Sukhe bhajsun Sri Gopal."

"Well did it happen that by His grace they passed away. My worry is gone, and I can now pursue my devotion to Gopal without interruption."

This attitude of complete indifference to the affairs of the world is the real *nishkam karma yoga* of *Bhagavad Gita*—It finds echo in the lines of the Blessed Angela of Foligno when she says:—

"In that time and by God's will there died my mother, who was a great hindrance unto me in following the way

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of God: soon after my husband died likewise, and also all my children. And because I had commenced to follow the aforesaid Way, and had prayed God that He would rid me of them, I had great consolation of their deaths."[4]

Narsi preached what he practised. He was the greatest *kirtanist* of his age—His devotion to it is clear from the fact that even when his wife was on her death-bed he went to attend *kirtan* at a *chandal's* (a low caste poor villager's) house.[5]

On his views we have the eloquent song by him—the crest-jewel of religious *sadhana—Sub taj Hari bhaj*—"naked proceed to naked Christ" of the Bible, "Be a monk" of the Buddha.

(4)

He who obstructs thee in repeating the name of the Lord, forsake him, and
Perform the worship of Lord Vishnu with thy body, mind and soul;
Renounce on that account thy caste, thy family, thy father, mother, brother, sister, wife and son as the snake discards its skin.
In days of yore Prahlad gave up his father who stood in the way of his remembering the name,
And Bharat and Shatrugna their mother for similar reason;
The wives of the Brahmans forsook their husbands and for that renunciation they earned praise and attained prosperity.
The Gopis gave up all their relations and proceeded to the forest to meet Krishna.
Narsi tells you this secret of entry to divine *liladham*—Brindaban. (Vide App. Item Narsi 142).

We close with a few songs from Narsi Mehta:—

[4]Quoted by Evelyn Underhill in *Mysticism*—Foot Note to pp. 216.
[5]Vide Narsi Mehta—Sahitya Mandir Published by Gita Press, Gorakhpur).

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(5)

He is a Vaishnava who feels for the suffering of another
And forgets the good he does to another, never taking pride in it.
Who cares not for the praise and condemnation of the world nor himself indulges in it.
He is not attached to women and wealth; such a one is praiseworthy and a jewel to his family.
He is the same to all, is desireless and the women of others he considers like unto his mother.
He never speaks falsehoods nor has he his eye on another one's wealth.
He is no slave of any passion or attachment, and the spirit of renunciation rules his mind.
His heart is fixed on the Lord, whom he is restless to meet, really his body is indeed a pilgrim's garb.
He is neither avaricious, nor vile nor a victim to wrath and desire.
Says Narsi, verily he and his family shall cross the cycle of rebirth. (Vide App. Item 143).

(6)

O Krishna! consider not our faults but rather show Thy compassionate nature!
Didst Thou not kill Hirnakasp for Thy devotee's sake and give Putna *mukti* (emancipation)?
For Prahlad's sake didst Thou not come out of the stone pillar?
When the fire broke out in the castle didst Thou not protect Thy devotees the Pandavas?
And verily Thou saved the lives of Ganika, Jaideo's wife Padmaji and Gajendra.
Thou saved the honour of Draupadi in the King's council, and for Bhakta Sudanwa's sake cooled the hot boiling oil and saved his life.

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As Sri Rama Thou raised Ahalya to life, who was transformed into a stone by the curse of her husband.
For Mirabaiji Ye transformed poison into nectar.
Thou ate the frugal meal of Vidura and enjoyed the already tasted plums of Shabari.
Since ancient times, says Narsi, Lord Thou hast succoured Thy devotees.
Save me also who surrenders at Thy feet. (Vide App. Item 144).

(7)

Fear never assails those who sing the names of the Lord Sri Krishna, Govinda and Gopal.
Even the repetition of Lord's exploits and the mere narration of them unaccompanied by music gained emancipation for Parikshit.
Knowing the child Dhruva to be a firm devotee Thou conferred the boon of *Bhakti* on him.
Thou saved Prahlad, born into the family of demons and for his devotion conferred the highest gift on him.
Narsi knows, O Lord Krishna! that Thy name is a sure canoe to cross the ocean of metempsychosis—and he has taken shelter in it. Protect him. (Vide App. Item 145).

(8)

Saints! I am a vendor of the name of the Lord.
All manner of people visit me.
My goods appeal to all classes of people and of all castes, all seek it (Name).
Even in days of famine, my goods did not suffer by scantiness, and I did not suffer deficit or loss.
Neither can thieves steal it nor the King levy a tax on it.

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The principal sum is of course infinite and our dealings and transaction are never in less than lacs and millions.

If you want to achieve It, strive for It.

My wealth is God's name, I can say that at the beat of drum.

The unstruck Word (*shabda*) I always hear within my heart.

The only business of Narsi is to write the Lord's name in the ledgers and in his correspondence. Thus he passes his days." (Vide App. Item 146).

Besides writing on the *Aishwarya Lila* (dealing with Lord's omnipotence) of Lord Krishna—singing *Sudama Charitra*, Rukmani's marriage and other such episodes, he wrote on the *madhurya lilas* (Love episodes) of the Lord Krishna and also fully imbued with Gopis *bhava* he expressed his feelings of gratitude and appreciation of the pioneer poet saint Jaideo when singing erotic (*sringar*) songs—in the following lines:

"Suno tame nari, amey brahamchari, amney te koi ek janey re; Veda bhed lahey nahin maro, Sankadik Narad bakhane re; Ekjane che Brijni Gopi, ke ras Jaideo re." (Narsi—Sringar mala)

"Says Lord Krishna that His mystery is known only to the Gopis and Jaideo."

Thus Narsi lived in *kirtan* and left behind an immortal name.

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Chapter VIII

CHANDIDAS

The Ideal Vaishnava Poet of Bengal

(Cr. 1417 A.D. to 1477 A.D.)

The young priest looked long at the incarnation of beauty as she moved up to him where he sat performing the worship of the Lord. His eyes were fascinated by the charm of the newcomer and on seeing this vision, this realisation of his dream, he remarked in the words of St. Augustine, "Oh Beauty! so old and yet so new, too late have I loved thee"—the sight of her form was a revelation and he felt that indeed "Truth is Beauty and Beauty Truth." This realisation was the first and last in his life. This was all he wanted to know on earth and he knew it and needed to know no more. In his future life he was to see in the spirit that which he now saw in the flesh. His experience was such that it is only to be compared with Dante's encounter with Beatrice. Thus did Chandidas meet Rami.

The meeting was fruitful for its basis was pure love quite divorced from the body. Chandidas worshipped her and saw in her a Gopi of Brindaban, from whom he drew inspiration for his immortal songs depicting the amours of Sri Radha Krishna. She had a piercing and intuitive insight into spiritual matters and guided him even to the extent of interpreting his divine experiences and leading him frequently through the mystic labyrinthine maze of the immortal spiritual *Lila Path*.

Rami's influence converted Chandidas from his worship of *Shakti* to Vaishnavism. While he on his part was responsible for many of those ecstasies in which she recited her experiences in songs

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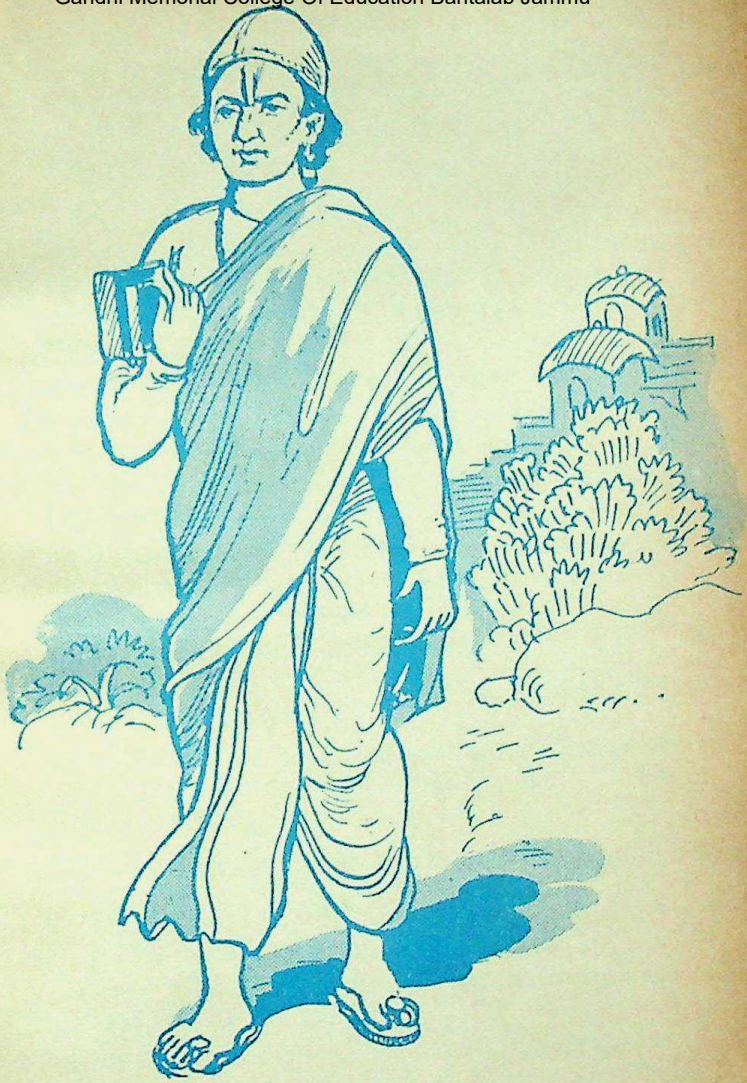

CHANDIDAS Sketch: *R. Rawal*

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—which are the cherished treasure of the Vaishnava saints. Their mutual pure affection and adoration is vividly depicted in songs which each has dedicated to the other. Here is what Rami says:—

(A)

"Lost in the contemplation and enjoyment of the Divine *lila* (exploits) you roam through the forests the whole day long. I miss thy face all that time, and it causes me great pain.

A moment's separation from thee is to me like an age,

Throughout our separation I suffer, my heart is restless, my mind is troubled all day along.

I see thy beautiful tresses, and the pure sparkling beauty of thy face;

How I lament that I should have eye-lashes, veiling my eyes and robbing me of the enjoyment of thy beauty for even a moment.

I am the luckless one, I lament my lot.

I am thine, and thou art mine: there is none other whom I can call mine—

Sorrow stricken Rami says, without thee O Chandidas! the world is filled with darkness for me." (Vide App. Item 147).

While Chandidas thus offers his obeisances to Rami:—

(B)

".....O thou washerman's daughter Rami!

I surrender myself to thy two little lotus feet—they are so cool and console my heart

You are the goddess of knowledge, the Lord's consort thou, the light of mine eyes!

I even worship thee and the songs of thy praise are as garlands round my neck.

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In washerwoman's form Sri Radha has appeared in you, the sensual passions touch thee not.
Thus sings Chandidas, his love for Rami is like pure sparkling gold." (Vide App. Item 148).

This love of the beautiful in the world[1] has often served as a ladder to climb to the heights of the Divine Beloved. And how? Either of the two ways where human love is tainted with sensuality, the disgust resulting from the revelation of its selfish motive, will tear the bond of human affection and lead to unity with the Lord as in the case of Maharaja Bhartrihari and others; or where it is pure as in the case of Chandidas and Rami or again as with Jaideo and his wife, Padmavati Ji, the spotless spiritual love and noble affection between the two helped them to realise Lord Krishna in their life time.

Chandidas is practically the greatest Vaishnava literary saint of Bengal and the cadence, imagery and richness of thought in his verse are a marvel for all time. The music of his poetry when properly intoned sends a thrill through the listener. The court-poet Vidyapati upon hearing of Chandidas actually travelled many miles on foot in order to meet and honour this great poet-saint.

Chandidas lived from 1417 A.D. to 1477 A.D. We here give some of the songs of Chandidas in Bengali, depicting scenes from *Sri Radha Krishna Lila* so that readers may judge of his greatness for themselves.[2]

(1)

Who is it that sang to me the Lord's sweet name—Shyama?

[1]Cf. The Sindhi Sufi poet Shah Latif who sings, "Love Divine, all loves excelling: Joy of Heaven to earth come down."
[2]Cf. Nazir's life-sketch (Both these sketches will appear in Volume 2 of this work).

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Falling on my ears, it was as balm,
And yet it has made me restless to meet Him
I cannot measure the nectar that makes up this name—
it is continually on my lips
The more I repeat the name the more I lose all consciousness; it transports me to the Realm of Eternal Joy:
What other name is possessed of such power. Is there any ecstasy which His touch will not give?
What care I? I bid farewell to all decorum, I turn my back on society and rush to meet Him.
I am helpless, no matter how much I try, I am powerless to control this mind run riot after Him
He demolishes the citadel of society that encages us and demands the sacrifice of all beauty in us. So says Chandidas. (Vide App. Item 149).

(2)

Says Radha:—
Shyama Sundar is my shelter,
He is the essence of all.
That same Shyama is my life, He is my life-breath.
The garland round my neck is Shyama.
Shyama is the pearl hanging from my nose,
Shyama, the beautiful dress which I wear,
The blue tinted sari I put on for Shyama.
Shyama has encompassed my body and soul,
A veritable *dasi* (maid) of His, I have become.
Shyama is my strength, Shyama is my witness,
Shyama, my riches and wealth.
It was my good fortune that the Creator gave me Shyama.

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Even the *kokil* and *bhramar* rejoice at seeing the Beloved Shyama in my embrace.

For Radha keeps Shyama for ever like a garland on her breast. So says Chandidas. (Vide App. Item 150).

(3)

Says Radha :—

O *Sakhi!* the dark waters remind me of Shyama—

Obsessed is the mind, in dreams and my waking hours I see Shyama, as I comb my tresses to dry their colour reminds me of Shyama

And I hesitate to put the dark (*Shyam*) collyrim in my eyes.

O *Sakhi!* how will the time pass without the company of Shyama?

Alas there is pain in my heart which I must suppress and keep secret.

The beauty of Shyama's form has pierced my heart as if with an arrow—

Which tortures inside but does not come out.
So submits Chandidas. (Vide App. Item 151).

(4)

Ah! the fire of separation burneth the vital parts in me—O my *Sakhi!* how can I hold on?

Pray give to me a dose of poison that I may end this life or offer me peace.

My friend! decked in the richest garments and wearing the auspicious signs I will ascend the pyre and consign my body like a *Sati* to the fire.

Thus shall my heart's desire be fulfilled.

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Then will my consort realise the meaning of the pangs of separation and fire of Love.

Only when one suffers the heat of the fire of Love does one realise what pain the departed one in oneself endures in the agony of separation.

So long as one does not suffer the pain oneself, one does not realise how the separated one suffers for the Beloved.

It behoves Thee Lord, to feel for those who suffer pain for Thee. So submits Chandidas. (Vide App. Item 152).

(5)

Says Krishna:—

The day dawns with Kishori's (Radha's) name on my lips—

As I lie down I remember her. She is verily the garland of My heart.

The worship of Sri Radha and the remembrance of her Name, and this I do to win her love.

On my bed I think of her, in My dreams she dwells with Me—

As I sit at meals I am thinking of her as also when I take my rest.

Sometimes with My flute in hand but more often playing upon it, do I not roam in the wilderness repeating her Name and this I do to win her love.

With My heart full I surrender Myself at the Lotus Feet of Sri Radha

I advise you seekers after Love, take comfort in those feet.

Knowing Me to be Her suppliant, follow My advice.

If, looking askance at Her, you worship Me for a million years, I tell you

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All your worship will be fruitless.

And speaking thus tears springing from Love filled Krishna's eyes.

And in return He obtained Sweet Radha's embrace—the fortunate Krishna! So submits Chandidas. (Vide App. Item 153).

(6)

Says Radha:—

My Beloved! Thou asketh me to relate my tale to Thee—

Then hear me, Thy love hath victimised me from my childhood.

It would not let me sit in peace at home even at that tender age.

Thus tortured, I have now decided to die cherishing the thought of Thee,

So that I may be reborn as Nandnandan, and Thou as Radha.

Then I shall make love to Thee and when Thou art caught

I shall stand cross-legged under a *kadamba* tree playing the flute.

When Thou, turned maniac rusheth to me, I shall disappear,

Then wilt Thou know the meaning of this pang of separation! So submits Chandidas. (Vide App. Item 154).

(7)

Says Radha:—

My Beloved! how can I tell Thee of my woe?

In life and in death I surrender myself completely to Thee.

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My heart is pierced with the shaft of Thy Love.

Having offered all at Thy feet, I have become a *dasi* of Thine

Because I knew that in the three worlds there was none to call me by my name Radha and stand at the door waiting for an answer.

Where am I to go now? Neither on this bank nor on the other is there anyone whom I can call my own!

Knowing Thy Lotus Feet to be the comforter of the afflicted I have taken shelter there.

Does it then behove Thee to discard me thus? Pray do not so,

Ponder a little, my Darling! and see if I have any other support to which I can turn.

I tell Thee if I do not see Thee for a moment then life becomes a burden heavy.

O Krishna! says Radha—she desires to keep Him fastened like a garland to her heart. So sings Chandidas. (Vide App. Item 155).

(8)

Says Radha:—

Dear One! Thou art my life.

I have offered to Thee my body, mind and soul, all that society and the world holds sacred.

O Dear One! Art Thou not the object of *yogi's* adoration and Lord of the Universe?

We are mere cowherd women, what wisdom have we, what worship to our credit?

Steeping our minds, bodies and hearts in Love, we offered them at Thy feet.

Thou art our Lord, Thou, our life's goal, our minds contemplate none but Thee.

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I do not mind disgrace, if the world speaks evil of me—

I will value such scorn, and will not feel the pain thereof.

Thou knowest me full well, and whether or not I am faithful to Thee.

Thy Radha offers all her good and evil deeds at Thy feet. So submits Chandidas. (Vide App. Item 156).

(9)

Says Radha:—

Oh tell me is it from the essence of nectar that the soft body of Shyama has been formed?

Or by the pounding of collyrium, or is it constituted from the beauty of the *khanjan* bird, has the moon contributed delicate touches to His form?

Are His lips in His comely face from the red *jawa* flower formed?

Or from the red *bimba-fruit?* And His hands are as if

Cast out of the supple trunk of the cub of the elephant.

Does His beautiful voice spring from the offering of the sweet-*kokil?*

Verily His neck puts the conch-shell to shame.

Is His flashing yellow *pitambar* the creation of spring which has given its beauty to it?

Is His stomach formed by emeralds bestowing their radiance to it?

All the beauties of nature have helped to make it.

His back puts the trunk of the plaintain plant to shame,

And the whiteness of His finger nails shine bright as mirrors—would that I had eternity in which to enjoy all these beauties. So says Chandidas. (Vide App. Item 157).

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(10)

Says Radha:—

His Love! what pain does it not cause in the heart?
I shall proceed to the land where His love's tale is not known.
With smiles I wooed His love and now amidst tears I pass my days.
Any maid of high-family who loves Him, courts sorrow,
Her pain is like that of the lotus struck by the hail-storm.
I, the unhappy one, victimised by pain, now shed tears at being parted.
Thus her helpless condition wrought by Love is revealed. So says Chandidas. (Vide App. Item 158)

(11)

Says Radha:—

My *Sakhi!* I will tell thee a great secret
In the name of heaven never befriend that word—LOVE.
Never gaze for a moment on the Embodiment of Love.
When the word Love is pronounced anywhere, pray take heed, and close thine ears.
Give up the city of Love and dwell in the wilderness far from it,
So that this word LOVE need never fall upon thine ears even by accident.
Such is the unhappy plight to which Love has brought me,
That it is difficult for me to deal with its ravages. So says Chandidas. (Vide App. Item 159).

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(12)

Says Radha :—

Alas for my helpless condition! for I am subservient to another's will

And it is more painful, that I am no longer free in my movements.

How unlucky am I since the creator wrote those unlucky words on my forehead!

Now is the sea of nectar as poison turned for me.

I leapt into it thinking it to be sweet nectar,

But found it turned to poison for my sake.

When I took a cold stone in my embrace to cool the heat of my breasts,

It turned into a flame to burn me to ashes.

I went to the trees to take shelter in their shade,

Immediately their leaves were lighted up and flames issued therefrom.

When I dived into the Jamuna to refresh myself in its cool waters,

They became hot and scalded my skin.

To what purpose then is my living?

It would be better for me to take poison and die.

And Chandidas says, it is difficult to understand the ways of God.

All Radha knows is that Love has killed her. (Vide App. Item 160).

Yet Radha in another mood praises Love thus :—

(13)

Says Radha :—

I shall dwell in the Land of Love and build a house of Love.

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I shall make Love my neighbour, and it shall be my sole companion.

Of Love shall be the rafters and of Love the doors of my cottage too.

In Love's hope shall I ever live and in Love pass my hours.

On the cot of Love I shall lie, wrapped in the covers of Love, and shall dwell amidst scenes of Love.

Bidding good-bye to all lassitude I shall be alert to the call of Love.

I shall dive in the waters of Love and apply the collyrium of Love to my eyes.

Love is my activity—Love is my religion. For Love I am a sacrifice.

I shall deck my nose with the ornaments of Love and watch it with my eyes.

Love shall be the collyrium in my eyes at all times. So says Chandidas. (Vide App. Item 161).

———

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Chapter IX

VIDYAPATI

The Maithili Court Poet-Saint

(1400 A.D. to 1507 A.D.)

Vidyapati was not merely a pandit and a poet, but was also a seer and saint, who witnessed the *Radha Krishna Lila* as he sat in meditation. When he repeated his experiences in verses which were remarkable for their literary cadence, Raja Shiva Singh and his wife Rani Laxmidevi who were both great connoisseurs of literary art and endowed with saintly qualities, would go into ecstasies. A Maithili Brahman by birth, (the Bengalis frequently claim him as their own) Vidyapati was a contemporary of Chandidas and their mutual admiration is borne out by the record of their cordial meeting. The poems of Vidyapati were just as popular with the pandits as with the common populace. In fact his songs created such a stir that it became a fashion, with rich and poor alike, to enact his Radha Krishna dramas in countless houses throughout the town.

The patronage accorded to him by the ruler and his consort played a large part in inspiring this saint to write his rich erotic poetry *Sringar ras kavya*.

Little is known about the incidents of his life except for that miraculous approach of the Ganges to him when, in his old age, he could not reach the Ganges and eulogising it, said "Ma! I have come so far to meet you, will you not come a few steps to meet me"—and it is reported that his call was heard and his last wish fulfilled. His songs are the worthiest examples of his scholarship and spiritual experience. We give the translations of a few of these, jewels of Maithili literature:

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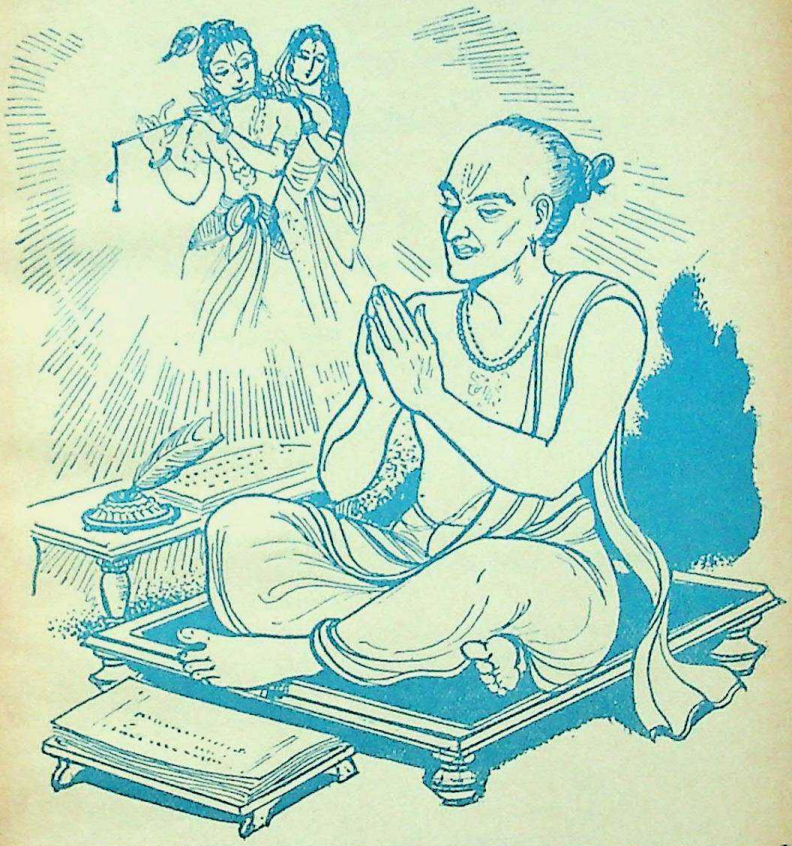

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(1)

Says Radha:—

Verily I shall die, my *sakhis,* I cannot outlive this separation from Shyama Sundar, my Lord.

Hear my last testament—when my last moment approaches I pray you pronounce the Lord's name in my ear.

That shall be the *mantra*—the Name Krishna—and you shall inscribe it on my body also, O Lalita!

Also, do not consign my dead body to the waters nor burn it on a pyre.

Instead, keep it tied to a *kadamb* tree—of that dark colour like the dark complexion of Shyama.

Let it remain there in Brindaban thus—in the hope that Shyama will return there someday.

It shall revive the moment it sees His Lotus Face, bright as the moon.

If unlucky it should prove and fails to witness that glorious face again, it will to ashes be turned in the fire of separation.

And Vidyapati says—O Beloved of the Lord! hold fast for He shall come. Do not lose hope. (Vide App. Item 162).

(2)

Says Radha:—

Tell me, *Sakhi!* who said "Madhava will return?"

I do not believe that I shall live to cross the ocean full of the waters of separation.

I have lost hours waiting in the hope that He will come a few hours hence,

And days have I likewise passed in hopelessness.

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Now months and years roll by without a sight of Him —what hope is there of sustenance for this body?

Does the lotus revive at the coming of spring after it has been scorched by the summer heat?

If the seed is once burnt can the rains revive it?

Now that all my youth is ruined by separation, what help can His love confer on me now by its Grace?

Alas! how unfortunate am I, seated near the sea, I die of thirst!

If the sandal tree loses its perfume, because snakes coil round it with fire oozing from their mouths,

And the wishing-tree fails to fulfil my wish—what hope is there? I say it is my ill-luck which is responsible for all this.

If the rains do not fall in the *Srawan* month (rainy season) and the trees deny me their shade, what hope is there for me in my helplessness?

None—ah none for the luckless me. So sighs Vidyapati. (Vide App. Item 163).

(3)

Says Radha:—

The joy at the sight of Him has been erased by the Creator from the scroll of my lot.

He has destroyed the very germ of that comfort—without any fault on my part.

The forest is become as a desert to me;

My lot is like that of the *chatak,* I die of thirst crying for the rain-water.

I thought to gain something by contemplation, but the Creator ordained it otherwise.

Even now these bitter breaths will not leave me.

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My friend! I tried so hard but failed to catch a glimpse of Him.

I beg of you, repeat the name of my Lord Shyama—so that hearing His name I may die.

O Queen of Love! death shall finish the chapter of Love's agony. So sings Vidyapati. (Vide App. Item 164).

(4)

Says Radha:—

I beg of Thee Madhava—holding the Tulsi leaves in my mouth—pray do not forsake me

I have surrendered my all to Thee—reject me not

True I have no virtues to my credit,

But Thou art my Lord—for I am of the world of which Thou art the Master.

I pray only to Thee, no matter in what species of creation I am born—be it bird, beast or insect—

Let not my yearning and love for Thee ever abate, let my mind be fixed in Thee.

O Comforter of the helpless! I pray thee, extend Thy Lotus Feet so that making a canoe thereof,

I may cross the turbulent waters of the cycle of Re-birth. (Vide App. Item 165).

(5)

Sri Radha passes every moment of separation in the remembrance of Madhava's name, and this single-hearted devotion transforms Her into Shyama.

Thus when she has become an integral part of Madhava she begins to pine for Radha, and as a result she again becomes Radha.

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Peculiar is this phase of Love—Radha pines for Radha's love.

And crying Radha! Radha! tears flow from Her eyes;

Her voice falters, as she utters the name Radha incessantly.

When she again becomes Radha, She begins to call on Madhava's name

But when turned into Madhava She cries for Radha again.

How then can this love's cycle and chain be broken? It only grows firmer with the pangs of separation.

Her condition is likened to that of the insect caught inside a hollow bamboo piece on fire at both ends.

It suffers from the heat yet sees no way to escape from it.

So is the condition of Sri Radha pining for Sri Krishna, sings Vidyapati. (Vide App. Item 166).

(6)

Says Radha:—

He who dwells in my heart, cannot remain far from me!

Just as the sun gives constant nourishment to the lotus."

With these words people try to console me.

Alas! words are but a sad palliative for me.

When formerly He would just withdraw His embrace,

That moment's loss in separation would torture me like fire

And the sandal paste on my body would be burnt by the fire of pain.

Now that He dwells for so long, in a far off country

There is little wonder that I fall senseless from pain on hearing the name Hari! (Vide App. Item 167).

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(7)

Says Radha:—

To Mathura hath Hari gone—

Gokul is turned desolate.

The parrot weepeth in the cage,

While the cows with their faces turned to Mathura wait impatiently.

The Gopas and Gopis, once so noisy, sit sadly and silently at the Yamuna Ghats today.

I have decided to give up my life in agony and pray to be re-born as Kanhaiya.

When Radha will be born Kanhaiya (Krishna)

Then Krishna wilt Thou know the meaning of my pain at Thy separation.

Wait, all good shall come through patience, so Vidyapati assures her. (Vide App. Item 168).

(8)

Alas for my misfortune! laments Sri Radha.

There was a time when the sandal paste on our breasts coming between US at meeting tormented me

And today—hills and dales have come between US and parted US.

Time was when, established in the glory of my Dear Krishna, I cared for none in my pride

And today I am the forsaken one, lamenting my fate—crushed in all my vanity.

My only regret is that I have survived His separation It were better that I had passed away.

My Beloved must not be blamed for all this. It is my bad luck that has caused it all,

Another stronger love has pulled my Dear One to another land.

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My body is shattered and decaying.

Pray hold on with patience, soon shall Krishna return to cheer thee. So says Vidyapati. (Vide App. Item 169).

(9)

Says Radha:—

The seed of love is scorched—ah! it shall never flower.

The moon as it rises each night brings me the message of hopelessness.

The promised day of return is passed yet Madhava does not return to His forsaken Radha,

Alas for my fate, the trees cast fire on me instead of shade; and the moon burneth me.

For whose sake shall I live when even the elements torment and betray me?

What shall Radha say to her *Sakhis?* Poor Radha never became rich with the treasure that is Krishna.

None can know my plight unless he suffers likewise,
The moon does not know of *chakor's* plight nor does the spring know of *bhramar's* plight

O creator! who has no knowledge of this: dost thou not know that my lips know no sound save that of Krishna's name?

"Take note of her plight O Madhava!" plead Vidyapati and Govind Das. (Vide App. Item 170).

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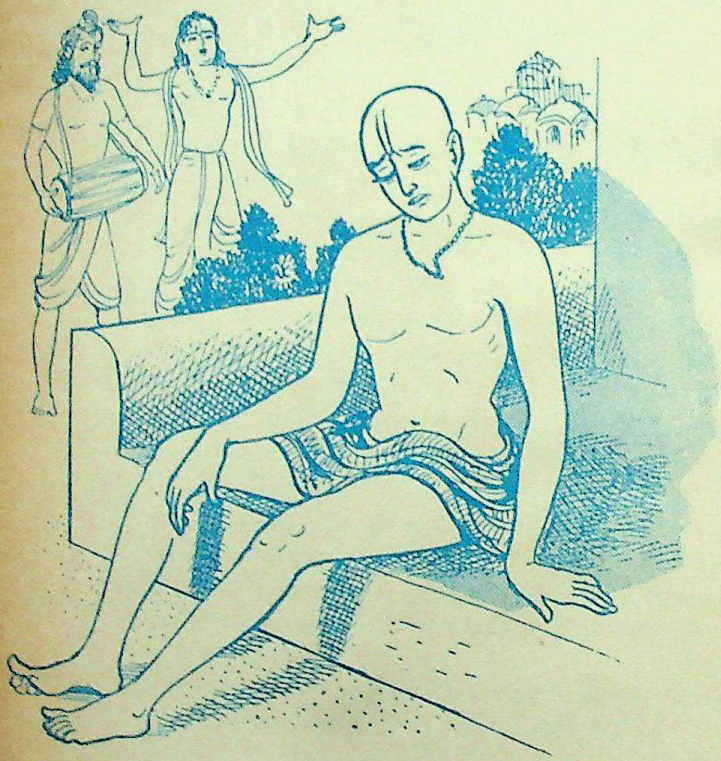

CHAITANYA Sketch: *R. Rawal*

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Chapter X

CHAITANYA

The *Krishna Kirtan* Evangelist of Bengal

(1484 A.D. to 1532 A.D.)

The half-crazed traveller goes along the road, he follows disused by-paths and crosses wild and inaccessible regions. He is unmindful of his surroundings, and of himself too. Dressed in rags, on he goes; the children throw dust at him, but he smiles in return. He does not mind their taunt "lo! there goes the ascetic mad after God."

Sometimes he looks to the skies, and there he sees the dark-coloured Cowherd, with the flute to His lips, His *pitambar* garments flowing in the breeze, and His peacock crown adding to the colour. And as the clouds gather, his rippling laughter mingles with the roar of the clouds and the twinkle of his eyes seems to play with the lightning.

This crazy one is Sri Chaitanya, and the object of his madness, the frolicsome child in the cloud, is Krishna. Chaitanya was the tenth child in a family which had lost eight children before Him. His beauty earned him the name of Gaur (beautiful); and on account of the sad fate of the previous children in the family, he was also given the nick-name, Nemai (half-dead). His horoscope indicated a great future. He soon became a scholar of Sanskrit, and took to teaching children. He loved his father Sri Jagannath, and his mother Sachiji so much that he would do nothing to displease them. A great lover from the beginning, he married a girl whom he loved. On her death he took another wife. Proud of his scholar-

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ship, he went round displaying it and routing the great Pandits. However, contact with Sri Iswar Puri made him realize the futility of scholarship, and after this he became a keen votary of *Bhakti*. This was the period of *Viveka*, and the starting point of his ecstasies. He was scoffed at, mocked and even persecuted for the exuberance of his love of the Lord Krishna.

Sri Chaitanya gave up teaching at about the age of 19 years. On the occasion he addressed his pupils thus: "Brethren! there is a dark boy who plays on the flute. I constantly behold Him, wherever I move. Wherever I look I see this Krishna's abode. Now I take leave of you all. From this day forth I shall no longer teach students. Go all of you and read with any teacher you like, I leave you free. I can utter no word but Krishna. I have truly unfolded my heart to you." He left on his mission, and it was a divine mission, an ordained mission, a holy pilgrimage, that started at the age of 27 and lasted till the close of his union with the Lord, for ever and ever, at the age of 48.

His disciples worshipped him, as a god, during his lifetime and they were well recompensed by the divine beatific visions experienced through the vehicle of their master. Sri Adwaita, Sri Haridas, Sri Nityananda, deserve special mention. Sri Chaitanya was no believer in caste, nor in any difference between man and man. His motto was that even a *chandal* should be honoured more than a *brahmana* if the former has attained the knowledge of God. His followers, therefore, were in all castes and belonged to both sexes, and included householders and monks. He lived according to what he preached. As a householder he lived, performing all his duties and as a sannyasi he left his home and his relations. At Puri and Jagannath he experienced his special illuminations, and at the great temple of Jagannath, he lay for eight hours lost in ecstasy, unconscious and immobile, in union with the Lord. Brindaban was a place of special interest to him. Any words spoken

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Krishna brought tears of love to his eyes. He would fast and make himself miserable if the vision was denied to him.

He was a great artist and delighted in *kirtans* and dramas describing episodes from Krishna's life. He took part in dramas and was careful to see that the highest spiritual effect was maintained throughout the play. Sri Sen quotes an incident from his life: On the eve of a play Sri Chaitanya once said "Only those who have entirely subdued the passions of the flesh should be entitled to witness this play of ours!" He was afraid that the love of Sri Radha Krishna should be interpreted by materialistic people as sensual love. To this both Sridas and Adwaita replied: "Ours should be the first names to be taken from the list, for if this is to be the law today, neither of us are fit to witness the play." Chaitanya smiled at this.

Everyone who came in contact with Sri Chaitanya was impressed by his universal compassion. The incident concerning the two ruffian officials, Jagai and his brother Madhai, has now become a household tale in India. However, we need not apologise for recounting it here as it is filled with spiritual import. It is said that while Nityananda and Haridas were exhorting people to recite the name of Hari, two ruffian officials met them and belaboured Nityananda, the latter, however, met their onslaught with compassionate words. When Sri Chaitanya was told that Sri Nityananda lay unconscious as a result of the beating, he hurried to the spot and embraced his devotee. For his persecutors he had nothing but over-flowing love and sympathy.

However, the two ruffians were so overtaken with remorse that they could get no sleep. Their callous hearts were converted and became repentant. Early in the morning they went to Sri Chaitanya and said: "Oh Master, receive your sinners." He answered: "Your remorse will be complete and effective if you sin no more." Silent tears

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flowed as a proof of their sincere and bleeding hearts. Their whole ignoble past life lay revealed before them. Suppliant, they fell before Sri Chaitanya. He, however, sat silent; Nityananda whom they had injured broke the silence, saying, "Not only do I pardon you, but if I have done anything good or noble in this life or in my previous lives, may the reward be yours, dear souls. This is my prayer to God." At the suggestion of Sri Chaitanya the brothers got up, took a *tulsi* leaf each and each said to him, "Oh Master, my burden of sin I give unto you." They were forgiven and accepted by him. Their subsequent lives were spent in prayers and in singing *kirtans* to the Lord.

Sri Chaitanya's expositions of the cult of *Bhakti* were marvels of erudition and sincerity. In *Sri Chaitanya Charitramrita,* the various stages of the *Bhakti* cult are discussed with various citations from the *Bhagwat,* the *Puranas* and other *Sastras.* On the love of the Gopis for Krishna, Sri Chaitanya laid special emphasis. In their self-surrender he saw the highest devotion of which human beings are capable. *But he warned them against the romantic relationship between the sexes, miscalled love. "True love," he said, "will dawn only when the hearts have risen above sexual cravings."* He preached renunciation. In order to nourish the spiritual body he advised his followers to live on a meagre diet and to wear simple clothing. He looked askance at the bloodless intellectual approach to subjects which were throbbing with love and life. Once he said: "Sir, since you wish me to speak I must confess that the texts of the *Upanishads* are quite clear to me, but your explanations have clouded their meaning. You avoid the direct meaning of the texts and indulge in those which, to my mind, do not represent the real spirit of the sacred books." It was this spirit which he proclaimed in language, and by his ecstasies, when words were inadequate to express his feelings.

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The ecstasies of Sri Chaitanya inspired his devotees. It was the irresistible charm of these that supplied the greatest proof of their Divine origin, for the scholastics who indulged in idle hair-splitting and the heretics and the proud sceptics. He was often ridiculed by the misguided rabble, which mistook his trances for fits of hysteria, but his devotees interpreted them most correctly. For did not one of them compliment him by saying "Your insanity is what we all covet?" Who does not yearn to associate with this class of mad people?

"Make me the prisoner of love, O Lord of Brindaban", he would constantly chant. He would not allow the Lord's image to leave his heart for a moment.

Sri Chaitanya was a strict disciplinarian and could tolerate no departure from the injunctions of the *Sastras*. Once it so happened that Haridas (Junior) once served him with rice which he had received as alms from a woman who was also a devotee of the Lord. It later transpired that he (Haridas) had also talked to her. When Chaitanya knew of this, he intimated to his disciples that he did not wish to see the face of this man, who had broken his vow as a monk inasmuch as he had talked to a woman alone. All intercession proved fruitless. Much pained at his anger, and finding it impossible to live without him, Haridas committed suicide, drowning himself in the Ganges.

Sri Chaitanya has a message for the Vaishnavas of today. Will they not take it up, which he gave to his followers centuries ago, "Go ye henceforth to every house and beseech all people to adore Krishna, to chant Krishna's name, and to study Krishna's lore?"

Sri Chaitanya did not write any elaborate commentary on any *Upanishad* or on the *Gita* as did other *Acharyas*, he contented himself with giving us the cream of the *Sastras* in his memorable *Shiksha-Ashtak* (Symposium of Instructions), which we now quote:—

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(1)

Praise be to the name of Lord Krishna, which purifies the mind of all sensual images and unholy worldly desires; which allays the heat and fire of all those pains which man is heir to, that which offers eternal joy, which is the essence of all wisdom, and the veritable sea of happiness and fruit of all *sadhanas*, and which satisfies all our holy yearnings towards the Lord. (Vide App. Item 171).

(2)

The names of the Lord are many, they are filled with power like Himself and He has laid down no laws regarding their repetition. (They can be repeated anywhere and at all times by anybody of any caste, age or denomination). Alas! such is His Grace, and yet we on our part have not yet developed full love and enthusiasm for the name of the Lord. (Vide App. Item 172).

(3)

Perform at all times the *kirtan* of Hari with due humility like that of the grass which you tread underfoot, giving honour to the meek, and bearing up with all humiliation like unto a tree. (Vide App. Item 173).

(4)

O Lord! I crave not for wealth, or high relationships, nor is it my wish to be a poet O Sri Krishna; I cherish but one desire, to Love you with single-hearted devotion through countless lives. (Vide App. Item 174).

(5)

O Darling of Nanda! I, Thy slave, am steeped in the ocean of worldliness. I pray Thee keep me in Thy Lotus Feet as a particle of dust (that I may thereby attain the joy of my life). (Vide App. Item 175).

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(6)

O Lord Krishna! when will that moment arrive when with my eyes brimful with tears, my heart overflowing with love for Thee, and with words soft with Thy remembrance, and my whole body tense with Thy love—I shall repeat Thy name? (Vide App. Item 176).

(7)

O Lord! without Thee, a moment of separation hangs upon me like countless ages and my eyes shed tears incessantly while the whole world appears to be a veritable desert, O Govinda! (Vide App. Item 177).

(8)

O Lord! what matters it if Thou embraceth me: and what if Thou crusheth me underfoot? I can never leave Thee, O Lord of my heart, I am all surrender and sacrifice to Thee, for ever and ever. (Vide App. Item 178).

———

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Chapter XI

TUKARAM

The Missionary Sage of Maharashtra

(1568 A.D. to 1650 A.D.)

The loneliness of a spiritual life is proverbial. It is oft repeated that the path that leads to realisation of God must be trodden alone. Nevertheless even when the olympic height of spirituality is reached, one still feels the pangs of loneliness, for when the "contact" is withdrawn, the seer who has climbed to the highest rung of the ladder, yearns for the company of one who would sympathise with him in his wail of separation. Illustrations are not wanting. This spirit of loneliness led Shamsh Tabriz to pray for a Maulana Jelal Uddin Rumi; and did not Paramhamsa Ramakrishna weep before the Lord to grant him "dry fuel as his eyes had become tired with the wet splinters"; and then came Vivekananda. This loneliness should not be confounded with that passage of the Soul through the Dark Night, that travail of which the mystics of both the East and the West, speak.

With Tukaram, the lament was of a different origin. His early life had not been commendable and his lament bore the stamp of the agony of repentance. But a different kind of lament followed in his later years during those times when the Vision of Lord which had entered his life was withdrawn, then he felt the loss of It and yearned for the life of divine beatitude. It was a stage in the march of his Soul. Speaking of this aspect, Prof. Ranade remarks in his *Mysticism in Maharashtra* (Pp. 281):

"There is a sort of Hegelian dialectic in Tukaram's Soul. In the first stage of his career, he seems to have resolved

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TUKARAM Sketch: *R. Rawal*

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to withdraw himself from the life of the world in a determined effort to win spiritual knowledge. This is the stage of positive affirmation. Then comes the stage of negation, the Dark Night of Tukaram's Soul, a stage when Tukaram was warring with his own self. Finally, there is the stage of new affirmation, namely, the cancellation of the original determination and the middle negation in a final Vision of Godhead, which transcends them both."

Like Gyandeva and other mystics of Maharashtra, it can be said of him that he was a born saint, and had only to unfold his sainthood, although the covers which he had to remove were such that for a time it seemed as if he was of common origin. For he was born a bastard in a *Sudra* family; poverty, misery and bereavement dogged him at every step; and he struggled with these adverse circumstances like a man. His indomitable spirit won for him mastery over the mind and the senses, and he was ushered into the realm of Peace. His life is one long striving—and a successful one—portraying the life of a man raising himself from the human state to the divine.

In his dream Tukaram was blessed with initiation and received the *mantra—Rama, Krishna, Hari*—by his guru. Sri Chaitanya Baba who flourished 300 years before him, and realizing the efficacy of the name, he began in his faith to recite it, and passed his days and nights in austere penances, meditations and *kirtans*. Penances were often necessary to curb the erstwhile unruly and restless spirit. He would frequently argue with his mind as to the uncertainty and evanescence of life and even kept his eyes fixed on death, which is at every moment waiting to close its iron grasp around us. He trained himself to think as do the dead while being carried to the cremation ghat. All this he did in order to develop devotion to Him and to immerse himself seriously and strongly in the quest.

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To him the path of devotion (the *bhakti marga*) was the only course that led to God, and at any rate was the one which he had adopted and would, under no circumstances, give up. He refused to covet the *advaita* ideal of "identification", or *Nirakar* goal of "absorption." In fact he went so far as to condemn them. He frequently repeated: "He who says that he has become God is a fool and will surely go to hell." He on his part was pleased to be the servant of the Lord and to maintain that relationship. Frequently he would say: "I do not want to identify myself with Thee. I want only to serve Thy feet..... How shall the Impersonal please me Whose face I cannot see?" And he definitely prayed for a personal revelation. "Be Formless as others desire, but for me take Thou a Form." Like Arjuna he craved for the Four-handed Form (*chaturbhuj*) vision (the *Narayana* form) and did not fear if it entailed for him re-birth or re-incarnation provided he was assured of becoming on re-incarnation a *Varakari* (devotee) of Pandhari (Lord)". His devotion for personal worship went so far that Pandharpur became for him the very abode of the Lord (*Vaikuntha*). For did he not say "my heart pants to see the face of the God of Pandharpur, the God who stands on a brick at Pandharpur, Who with His beautiful form has ravished my heart..... My heart is ravished by the Son of Nanda, Who has the eagle (garuda) for His banner." The Darling of Nanda was the cynosure of Tukaram's eyes, applying the collyrium of devotion, he transformed his vision from dross into gold.

From his youth he had his flashes of inspiration, but they were only to take shape later, and it was then that he felt the call to assume the role of missionary and wander as a pilgrim propagating the gospel of love which he had learnt at such great cost, and rearing the tree of devotion by passing many a night keeping vigil. He adopted the soothing qualities of song with which to quieten the troubled souls of

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should become a great singer. He adopted the *abhangas* (songs) as the vehicle of expression for those subtle truths and great experiences which he was constantly undergoing. Some believed him to be the incarnation of Namdeva[1], in fact he too seems to have remembered his previous incarnations....and it was the consciousness of the purity and piety of his previous lives that often made him consciously feel and repeat the Name, and point it out as the only Pathway to realization. There was a growing spirit of sacrifice on his part for the sake of the afflicted; he yearned for them and his words were symbolic of his feelings:—

> "Come to me, Come to me, great and small, women and men.....I shall carry all of you to the other shore. I come as the sole bearer of the stamp of God to carry you over in the name of God."

And he did carry them to the other shore, the faithful ones who believed in him and worked and persevered with sincerity and honesty to follow the path which he pointed out to them. And this humanistic and personalistic touch in Tukaram was no feigned profession, but the genuine outburst from a heart which had known God and which overflowed with milk and honey to quench the thirst of those others, who had yearned for ages for the divine nectar which would give them eternal life.

His message was the message of the Name, and he carried the banner of the Name from door to door and among all people. He prescribed it as the efficacious remedy for all ailments of the Soul. He went round proclaiming that the very mounds of sin would crumble and fade away at the approach of the Name. There was a great deal of force in what he said because he said what he felt and experienced. At times, unable to resist the call within, he would blurt out "sit silent and repeat the Name and I

[1]See Vol. 2 of this work for Namdeva's Sketch.

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assure you that it will lead you to realisation." Time and time again he was heard to say: "Even God is not conscious of the power of His name and how could he be? The lotus is not conscious of its fragrance, it is the bee that tastes it. the cow does not know the sweetness of its milk, but the calf knows it; and the oyster does not know the value of its pearl but the jeweller knows it."

There are certain instructions which he has to give, and certain opinions which he emphatically holds, which are distinctly his own. He believed in, and insisted upon, a moral life. His gospel of faith and belief in the protective hand of God has its parallel in Christ's illustration of the "lilies of the field," for does he not say: "Shall not God who supports the whole world, give support to a saint in his time of need," or sometimes he wants answer with an allegory "who creates milk in the breasts for the child, puts forth foliage on the tree in summer and provides food for the serpent and the frog under the stone...." He insisted on belief in God and His promises (vide *Gita* IX-22).

Tukaram was no miracle monger. He faced realities himself in the realities of life and insisted that others should do the same and not shun them. He looked askance at the display of *siddhis* and refused to accept them as tests of spirituality. He applauded the acts of service of saints and pointed to them as commendable deeds. He boldly affirmed that he who helps his fellow-being truly worships God. The company of saints he held as sacred and as necessary leaders to the godhead. "It is only he who has become God who can understand that others are Gods. And one could be a God only in the company of the saints." He went so far as to say, in the words of a Muslim saint, "A devotee is even superior to God." To Tukaram mystic experience was the hall-mark of spirituality, the only genuine aim worth craving for; the only aspiration that was noble. He was lucky in that after passing through many vicissitudes, both mental and physical, he was blessed with visions and

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gained entrance into the "inner court," so well guarded by the divine sentinel. He gained it at a great cost but great was he in his munificence; in return for a mere honest and sincere request he was prepared to lead anyone into that beatific realm. He would look into the heart and probe into the inner crevices to see that no thief was hidden there and then the Lord would come to meet him there. Then He would open the door with a flourish and stand radiant in His glory, the vision so dear to the mystic. Then Tukaram would feel himself to be at the very source of his life. He was a mystic who had passed through all the stages. He was a sage who had immaculate faith in the Grace of God. Day and night he passed in contemplation of Him. He once stated: "He who says that he can accomplish the worldly and spiritual life together shall accomplish neither. Between the two stones he will only fall to the ground. He will be ruined on both sides and will ultimately go to hell." He was very much opposed to that cringing worldly life which has no other aspiration but the pampering of the flesh.

A false exterior was something which Tukaram always despised. In his view rituals, performed without their symbolic meanings being understood, were something to be condemned rather than applauded. He taught internal purity and looked with scorn upon yogis whose minds reeked with impurities and yet tried to impose on the credulous by their holy exterior. He disliked also those vain austerities which are made a goal in themselves rather than a means to attain an ideal. "Some people tease their body needlessly for the sake of spiritual realisation. They wear saffron garments, but a dog is also brown. They wear matted hair but a bear also has matted hair. They live in caves, but even rats live in caves. These people tease their bodies for nothing."[2] Here he uttered words in the manner of Kabir and other North Indian saints, thus showing that the language, ways and even illustrations

[2] *Mysticism in Maharashtra* p. 915.

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given in support of various dicta by these mystics are everywhere the same. And this should not be otherwise because the Lord is the same everywhere and the path to Him is also the same. "What is that path?"—asks Tukaram. "Repeat the Lord's name and in prayers weep for the Lord. There is no doubt that you will gain your desire, and when He comes, He will come with a brilliance and glory transcending everything."

To the princes as to the poor his heart went forth equally. All life was sacred to him, for no one was a sinner past redemption. His sympathy was given more freely to those who approached him with humility and a firm faith in divine mercy. Even when the great Maratha Chief, Shivaji, met him, he gave him sound advice, asking him to lead a religious life and to protect the poor. His was a noble, moral code; his ethics were filled with the catholic spirit. His spirituality affected others. His outlook on life was not only one of forgiveness but was also filled with purpose. "The body," he said, "is both good and bad.....from one point of view, it is a storehouse of misery and disease, the birthplace of everything vile, the unholy of unholies. From another point of view the body is good and beautiful, the source of happiness and a means of spiritual realisation. Yet again the body is merely a curdled product of menstrual blood, a net of desire and infatuation, and a prey to death. But in another way it is a pure thing, the treasure of treasures, the Temple of God, the means of being reborn spiritually and gaining emancipation."[3]

Tukaram maintained that self-realisation, which consisted in the *sakshatkar* (beatific vision) of Sri Krishna, was the goal of life. In the struggle to attain this crest of spirituality, he considered ethical life and formal religion to be merely a prelude. His object in life was to see God face to face

[3] Ibid p. 316.

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rather than mere ethics. He soon became discontented with being a good man, and soaring to the higher transcendental region, aimed at being a god man.

We close this sketch of Tukaram by giving a few of his *abhangas* (songs):

(1)

Superior is the worship of Lord with Form—it is supreme devotion.

It leads to complete realisation and every kind of experience.

It purifies the heart, and out of it there appears before one's eyes the beautiful Lord in His captivating Form.

The name of the Lord is the seed and also the fruit which springs therefrom. It is the highest religion, the good deed and the worship. It is the essence of all religious practice. It banishes all trouble, for where the Lord's devotee sings His name and performs the *Nama Sankirtan* all virtues combine and dwell there. When the Lord enters the heart and ascends the throne all that is good makes its appearance there, and as a result of His entrance pain of transmigration ends for the devotee. So do not fear to follow the tenets of the faith in which you are born, all that is necessary is to repeat the name of Lord Vithal constantly. He has many names, the Vedas call Him the Perennial Being, the Yogis call Him the Formless One, and the emancipated ones call Him the Radiant Omnipotent *Atman*. Tukaram, however, knows Him as Bal Krishna, who has for our sake adopted the beautiful captivating human Form (shape). (Vide App. Item 179).

(2)

Do not degrade yourself by becoming a Guru and taking disciples. This takes you down in the scale of spirituality. The Lord Narayana dwells in all human hearts.

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wherein lies the difference between thou and me? As dwelleth the Lord Narayana in me, so does He dwell in thee. Tukaram says, I do not say all this as guru, but emphasise that such a relationship is fraught with danger, for it wrecks the concept of the One-ness and indivisibility of the One all pervading *Atman*. I say this because I am so ordered by the Lord. My words are like the falling of rain. (Vide App. Item 180).

(3)

For me the Lord is dead, He may be alive for others, since He does not answer my call..... If I am to be condemned as a sinner—I who contemplate Thy Lotus Feet! With whom does the blame lie? May I ask is my sin more powerful than Thy Lotus Feet?..... Had I not been a sinner, how couldst Thou have been the deliverer of the sinner? Truly my name precedes Thine, O Compassionate One. (Vide App. Item 181).

(4)

O Vithobai—my Mother! O Vishwambhara—the Supporter of the world! Thou Destroyer of world-bondage! Thou Omniscient One! Where art Thou detained? Leave me not thus! Discard me not! Reveal Thyself for distance is as naught with Thee. (Vide App. Item 182).

(5)

Thou hast taken the beautiful Form for us. Should I play the ignorant one and seek to dissolve myself in the Ocean of Non-existence Oh! no, Lord I seek not *Nirvana*, I desire to enjoy the love and beauty of Thy face. (Vide App. Item 183).

(6)

I seek not *Brahm-gyan*, self-identity. I will always desire that consciousness (Chaitanya) in Thy [illegible] shall ever

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remain my Lord and I Thy devotee. I beg of Thee, O Charmer of Gopis' hearts! manifest Thyself before me, so that I may lay my head at Thy feet. I shall embrace Thee, I shall look constantly upon Thy beautiful face, and apply all my art to save Thee from the effect of evil omens. In solitude I shall dwell and hold communion with Thee. Knowing my heart, pray do not delay, but come and meet me soon. So says Tuka. (Vide App. Item 184).

(7)

In the name of Sri Krishna dwells His form. The Supreme Being is incarnate as Sri Krishna. The name of Krishna is an invulnerable boat in which to cross the ocean of metempsychosis.

Devakinandan Krishna, has captured my mind and I have verily become mad for Him, as a result of my contemplation of Him. Why waste your time idly wandering in the wilds of the Vedas thereby tiring yourselves? Go to the dwellings of the Gopis and you will find Krishna in love-bonds there.

He who preached the *Gita,* is the very Lord whom I see standing on a brick pedestal before me in the Temple (as an Idol). Vithal is my life, Vithal is my religion and my scripture. He, the Supreme Reality stands incarnate as a child of Nanda, in Whose beautiful teeth are seen drops of milk, in Whose stomach are contained millions of worlds. He is incarnate as the darling of Yasoda, the Mother of Worlds. Krishna claims Yasoda as His mother—how strange this is!

To the humble and sincere the pathway to Salvation is through the telling and hearing of the Lord's exploits. We should sing of His exploits performed at *Gokula.* Today I see Him before me as an Idol in the Temple of Pandharpur. My heart yearns to meet Him. I seek to drink in more and more of His beauty. This Beloved of Nanda has won my heart and soul. (Vide App. Item 185).

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(8)

A veritable meeting place of three rivers, the sacred *Triveni*, is a discourse on the Lord's exploits (*Katha*), a discourse on the devotion of the *Bhaktas* and the recital of His name.

It is a lucky place where the Lord's name and His exploits are sung for the devotees of the Lord will visit that house. One can enjoy from *Katha*, the fruit of a bath in Triveni, and even greater joy. The efficacy of hearing of the Lord's exploits is past description. (Vide App. Item 186).

(9)

Lord Vithal is everything to me. He is my sole relation —my Father, Mother, Brother and Sister, my Vithal is all. What do I care for my caste? I care only for my Vithal. He pervades all the seven universes below, and is omnipresent in all the seven *Lokas* (Universes) above. He the flower of my heart, is everything to me. (Vide App. Item 187).

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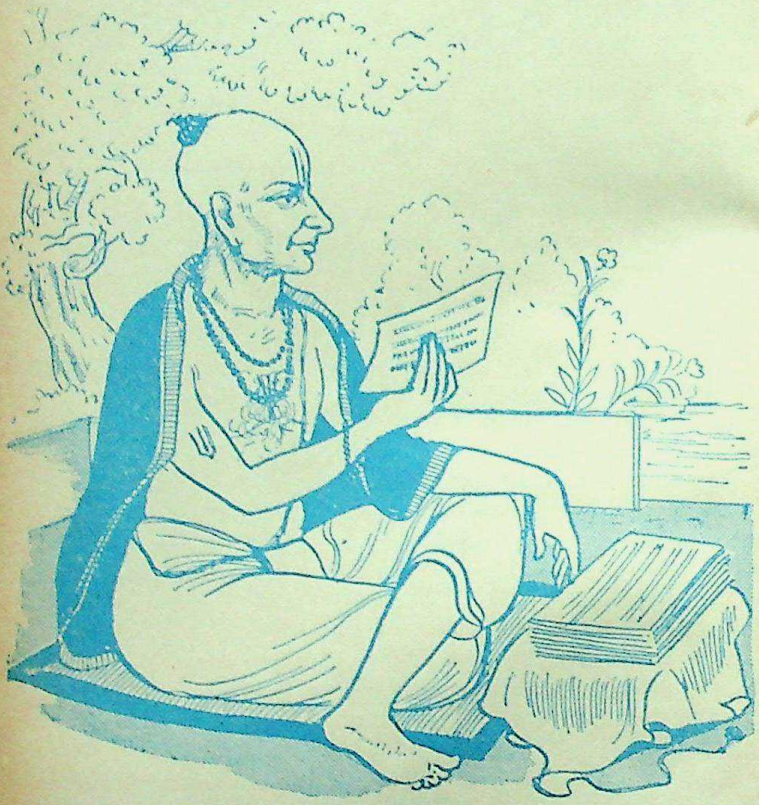

TULSIDAS Sketch: *R. Rawal*

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Chapter XII

TULSIDAS

The Poet-Saint who sang the *Ramayana*

(1511 A.D. to 1637 A.D.)

"Harh mas ko deh mum ta par jitni priti
Tis adhi 'jo Rama priti avas mitti bhav bhit"

"Such is your infatuation for this body of a female constituted of phlegm, bones, blood and arteries! Hadst thou but offered half of that love which thou hast tendered to me, at the feet of the Lord Sri Sitapati Rama, to the very *Vaikuntha* thou wouldst have ascended."

This reprimand coming from the lips of his young wife tamed the passions of the young pandit Tulsidas who shrugged, bowed and having decided to dedicate his whole life to the Lord, went out as a mendicant in search of Sri Rama.

These words proved more piercing than sword thrusts and in one sweep they slashed into pieces the layers of *Karmas* which served as a thick veil between the Lord and His devotee Tulsidas. Who else but the Lord himself, seated in every heart would woo his devotee through *upadesh* when he sees that the time is ripe for illumination and is unable to bear the separation from him.

Sri Tulsidas belonged to the Lord and the Lord reclaimed him, because He is very fond of performing new *lilas*.

I say he belonged to the Lord, for did not this young man utter "Rama" at the very moment he was ushered into the world? This unusual trait in a child was considered to be an ill-omen and he was abandoned by his illiterate

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parents. Thus left in forest, who else but Sri Parvatiji, consort of Sri Siva, would take care of him? The child Tulsidas earned this special privilege because he was the incarnation of the ancient sage Maharishi Valmiki and was re-born to sing once again the *Ramayana* in the Hindi language at the dictation of Sri Siva and under the tutelage of Sri Hanuman.

Sri Tulsidas received his first education at Kasi, where his fame soon spread. He was fortunate enough to have *darshan* (vision) of Sri Hanumanji and through him of Lord Sri Rama thrice. The first time he saw the Lord is described in the famous couplet of his:—

"Chitrakut ke ghat par bhayi santan ki bhir
Tulsidas chandan ghise tilak det Raghubir."

"At Chitrakut, where the Saints were assembled, the Lord Sri Rama came disguised as a Prince and accepted sandal paste at the hands of Tulsidas (although the latter did not recognise Him)"

Sri Tulsidas was gloomy for he could not recognise the Lord, therefore at the intercession of Sri Hanumanji, the Lord appeared at Chitrakut a second time, this time He was on horseback as a Prince. At His sight Sri Tulsidasji fainted and remained unconscious, lost in ecstasy for three days.

After enjoying the *Satsang* of saints at Kasi and Chitrakut and after he had been on several pilgrimages from Kasi to Ayodhia, Tulsidasji proceeded to Brindaban. At Brindaban dwelt his *Gurubhai* Sri Nanddas—who later became the well known disciple of Sri Vallabhacharya; and Sri Tulsidas asked him:—

"Kaha kami Raghubirke taji apni bani"

"What fault did you find in Sri Rama—in whose *mantra* you were first initiated that you should have abandoned Kasi and come over to Braja to take shelter in Krishna's name and His Worship?"

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Sri Nanddas replied immediately:

"Mun vairagi bhayo sun murli ki tan."
"My mind became frantic hearing the rich melody of Sri Krishna's flute."

At Brindaban in whichever temple Tulsidasji visited he saw Radha Krishnaji installed. Being a devotee of the form of Sri Rama and anxious to see Him in that Form, he entreated before the reputed Sri Madan Mohan Idol:—

"Ka barnon chabi aj ki bhaley baney ho Nath
Tulsi mastak tab navey dhanus ban leyo hath."

"Lord Krishna! very beautiful art Thou with Thy flute and peacock plume, would that (to please me) Thou hadst instead the bow and arrow (symbolic of Sri Rama".)

This petition was accepted by the Lord and He immediately appeared as desired.

The idol was transformed to Sri Sita Ramaji!

During his long life of 125 years after the *Satsang* with saints such as Sri Kabir, Sri Raidas and others, Sri Tulsidas entertained his *Satsang* (audience of saints) with many works such as *Dohawali, Gitawali, Krishna Gitawali, Janki Mangal, Vinay Patrika* and other books. Most important of all his works are the *Sri Ramacharitra Manas* and the *Vinaypatrika.* It is very difficult to select characteristic passages to be given in a short sketch from these works; however we quote a few which record the principal feeling that mastered Sri Tulsidas, i.e., his unshakable faith in the mercy and grace (*Karuna*) of Sri Rama and his consort Sri Sitaji; his total surrender to the Lotus Feet of the Lord and His saints and his indomitable faith in the efficacy of the Name:—

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(1)

The Lord's name Rama fulfills all the devotee's aspirations and desires in this *Kali* (Iron) Age. It comforts them in this world and in the next. It is like a father and mother to a devotee.

In this *Kali* Age salvation is not gained by knowledge, *Karma* and worship. But only by taking shelter in the Name.

It destroys the direst demon and turns poison to nectar. Sri Hanuman performed marvellous feats by using the Name. The Name is like the Lord Narsingh, like Hiranyakasipu is this *Kali* Age, the devotee is like unto Prahlad who by remembering the Name was saved from the demon's tortures. (Vide App. Item 188).

Vibhishanji, brother of Ravana and the only devotee of Sri Rama in Lanka, (modern Ceylon) on hearing of His approaching invasion of Lanka said to his brother very politely:—

"Tat charan gahi mangon rakho mor dular

Sita deho Rama kahun ahit na hoyi tumhar."

"I beg of you, pray return Sri Sitaji with due honour to Her consort Sri Rama and thus save the country from destruction."

This advice irritated Ravana and he kicked Vibhishanji and ordered him to clear out. And as Vibhishanji left Lanka, the good luck of his native country left with him. As he passed on, crossing the sea to meet Sri Rama, his condition is described by Sri Tulsidas:—

(2)

With his heart filled with joy and expectation he proceeded to Sri Rama.

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He thought that he would that day see the red Lotus-like Feet of he Lord, so soft, the comforters of the humble and afflicted dependants of the Lord: "Those very feet whose touch reclaimed Ahalya having been turned into stone by her husband's curse, Those uncovered feet which trod the thorns of the Dandaka forest and purified it: Those feet which followed the hare, deer and other beasts in the forest: I shall see Those feet, Those feet whose sandals are worshipped by Sri Bharata. Luckily I shall see them and the sight thereof will gain to me all bliss." (Vide App. Item 189).

But as he approached the sentinels guarding Sri Rama's precincts considered him to be a spy of Ravana and arrested him and brought him in chains before Sri Rama. He fell at His feet and said to the Lord, "I am all surrender to Thee". Although the ministers advised Him against it Sri Rama uttered the most memorable words symbolic of His supreme forgiving nature towards *sharnagats* (suppliants) :—

(3)

"Who abandons one who has surrendered to him,
Is a disgraceful sinner indeed.

I say to you that even if a man has killed a hundred sacred Brahmans and then surrenders to Me, I will hold him fast and never forsake him.

Truly the moment anyone appears before Me he is purified of the sins of millions of lives.

Those whose hearts are pure and know no tricks, they attain Me. I hate a deceitful nature and egoism in man.

Whoever, driven by fear, surrenders to Me, I hold him dearer and closer to Me than My heart itself." (Vide App. Item 190)

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Thus emboldened by words of sympathy, Vibhishanji approached the Lord and said:—

(4)

"O Lord! I am the brother of the demon Ravana, who is the destroyer of his own family.

By birth I am constituted of *tamas-guna,* of darkness, ignorance and evil

O Lord! I heard of Thy qualities and Thy exploits.

I have therefore come to Thy shelter, Sri Rama, I surrender myself to Thee." (Vide App. Item 191)

Having said this, he knelt before the Lord, who raised him from His feet and held him close to His bosom—so says Tulsidas:

"Tab lag kusal na jiva kahun sapnehu man bisram
Jab lag bhajat na Ram kahun sok dham taj kam."

"A man can never gain peace even in dreams,
if he is faithless to Him.

And so long as he does not remember and worship Lord Rama, with unswerving devotion, he will not attain eternal joy and happiness."

We now come to Tulsidas' *Gitawali* from which we quote a few scenes of Lord Rama's *Lila.*

Here is that lament of Sri Rama's mother on the Lord's departure to the forests which echoes through the ages:—

(5)

Ah! today I rub my hands in vain—nothing falls to my lot!

Why did I not proceed with Sri Rama to Chitrakut, why did I stay at home forsaking him?

My husband to celestial region is gone, and my son Rama, his wife Sita and Laxmana have turned hermits.

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I am here like a dead body to burn in this palace, turned unto a burning ghat.

Hard like stone is my heart, because I have left Rama and stay empty-handed in this sterile house. (Vide App. Item 192).

And again on seeing the palace vacant without Sri Sita Rama she cries in her agony:—

(6)

Tell me, O my *Sakhi!* how to console these poor beasts.

Their hearts are busy seeking motherly love from Rama.

They look like children who have lost their parents.

If any one talks near to them, (mistaking it for Sri Rama's voice) they respond with glee,

Because since his childhood their attachment for my son Rama knows no bounds.

The eyes of these horses are constantly filled with tears.

They will not eat and their eyes always remain closed.

When the word "Rama" falls upon their ears they are startled and lose themselves in contemplation of Him

Like swans are these horses of Sri Rama, they are tortured by the pangs of separation—as if by a hunter's callously shot arrows. (Vide—App. Item 193).

And then, in a plaintive prayer she pours out her heart in a sad yet melodious dirge:—

(7)

O Rama! return but once again!

See but once more Thy horses, console them and then Thou may go away.

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These Thou tended and fed with milk with thine own hands, how can they now bear this separation?

Although Sri Bharatji looks after them with every care, still without a sight of Thee they seem like frost-bitten lotuses.

O travellers to the wilderness! Should you meet Sri Rama

Convey to him this message about the plight of his horses, do this to please me." (Vide App. Item 194).

The scene changes. Sitaji has been carried away by the demon Ravana. Sri Rama is wandering through the forest, when He comes across the vulture King Sri Jatayu, who lies steeped in blood having been struck by Ravana during his fight to rescue Sri Sita Mataji. Hear how Sri Rama meets him:—

(8)

Holding the lucky dying vulture in His soft hands

With flowing tears He drenches him with love.

And Sri Rama says to his brother, "on meeting Sri Jatayu, king of vultures, I forgot the pain of the tragic end of my father.

I cannot endure this new agony—the tragic condition of my vulture king.

I beg of thee, O vulture, hold on to life, I confer it on thee."

But the vulture said: "O Lord! deceive me not. I prefer death with Thou before mine eyes, to life without Thy presence. I know full well the value of Thy vision." (Vide App. Item 195).

This greeting with tears—and being taken into Rama's lap and even the conferring of the boon of life, could not deter Sri Jatayuji from displaying to the world the worth of *Bhakti*.

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(9)

Said Ramaji: "O vulture! live a little longer,

And, dwelling in the wilds, I shall at the sight of thee feel as if I am receiving a shower of paternal affection.

If thou seeketh a celestial body I can confer it on thee.

I will also ask thee to sing of my exploits and thus purify the world."

Hearing this honeyed flow of words Sri Jatayu remarked smiling a little: "Lord, I thank Thee—But I refuse to be deceived. I know only this that I have secured salvation itself by the sight of Thee not to speak of the other fruits of *sadhana.*" Ramaji became silent at this expression of love. (Vide App. Item 196).

Let us proceed to the next incident. Sri Rama's wanderings in the wilderness took him to the cottage of the blessed devotee—the forest dweller Shabari, the maid who had grown into an old woman, waiting for years for Him. Seeing Rama she offered Him sweet fruits already tasted by her and if found sweet preserved for Him.

The scene is painted thus by Sri Tulsidas:—

(10)

At that moment, the *devas* (angels) showered down flowers and the Rishis were praising the Lord Sri Rama;

What a grand occasion to see Sri Rama, asking for fruits from the devotee Shabari and eating them with zest!

The Lord is the enjoyer of great *yags*, and yet, remaining unsatisfied with these grand offerings, feels happy and satisfied with the poor humble devotee's meal of fruits offered to Him in the forest.

The great saints Sanak, Sanandan and Sri Siva all praised Sri Rama's magnanimity in this.

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This aspect of Sri Rama reveals to the world that He dwells where love is and devotion makes of Him a slave. So says Tulsidas. (Vide App. Item 197).

Let us now proceed to a scene from *Sundarkand*—the message sent by the *viyogini* (pining separated one) Sri Sitaji to Sri Rama from Lanka through Sri Hanumanji:—

(11)

Tell me Sri Hanumanji, when will Sri Rama appear and cast on me the divine nectar of His glances?

When will mine eyes like those of the *chatak* bird witness His moon-like face?

When will these eyes, to a *bhramar* turned, enjoy the sweetness of His Lotus Lips?

When will these eyes, to a swan turned, dive in the waters of His naval that is like unto a pond?

When will my eyes, to a peacock turned, dance at the sight of His cloud-complexioned body in which shines like the lightning His *pitambar*?

I am like unto a scorched creeper. When will He shower on me the rain of His grace? O tell me, when?

When will the Compassionate One with His sweet words apply balm to my bruised soul?

All the angels, men and saints lie in fetters, when will He release them all and when will I hear songs in His praise, sung by Rishis, announcing that He has killed Ravana and gained victory over him?

O when will Sri Vibhishan recover his throne and the Lord forgive my treatment of Laxmana on the occasion of golden-deer hunt?[1] (Vide App. Item 198).

[1]This refers to the time when Sri Sitaji persistently asked Sri Laxmanji to go to succour Sri Ramaji who was crying in the forest, while the latter said it was not Sri Ramaji but the golden deer who was imitating His voice.

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On reaching Sri Rama, Sri Hanumanji gives the message of Sri Sitaji to Sri Rama thus:—

(12)

O Lord Sri Rama! hear of the sad plight to which Sri Sitaji hath been driven in Thy absence!

I have seen much of that plight but it evades description.

The tears like a thrifty man's treasures ever dwell in the ends of her eyes and flow not away.

Silence has put locked-doors on her lips which resist the utterance of a sigh as it tries to escape.

The birds and beasts dwelling near her abode, unable to see her plight, have abandoned their homes.

And even the cold fragrant breeze fearing to be scorched flows not in her way.

O Lord! I am unable to describe her plight!

Pray give her your *darshan* and take away her suffering,

Because you are the comforter of the afflicted and she is the most oppressed of all. (Vide App. Item 199)

Now we give below the humble prayers by Sri Tulsidas in his *Vinaypatrika:*—

(13)

Up till now I have lost much and wasted life in idle pursuits

The Grace of Lord Rama hath aroused me from my sleep. Awakened now, I shall not allow myself to be victimised by *Maya* (illusion).

I have gained the grace of the Lord's name, I shall hold it fast to my bosom and not let it from me for a second.

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The beautiful Form of the Lord I shall cherish in my mind.

Long has this world mocked me, making me a slave of the senses. Now I shall have no more of it.

I am now a *bhramar* at my Lord's Lotus Feet and shall not allow my mind to leave the enjoyment of their nectar for a moment. (Vide App. Item 200).

(14)

I have heard that the Lord is the Redeemer of the sinners, I am a great sinner and He is my redeemer. How beautiful is this relationship!

The *shastras* say He hath reclaimed the sinners Ganika, Ajamil and Gajendra,

And many sinners, by His Grace, have attained salvation.

Even if one repeats the Name unconsciously one is taken from Hell to Paradise,

Knowing the efficacy of Thy Name, I have taken shelter at Thy Lotus Feet, O Lord! So says Tulsidas. (Vide App. Item 201).

(15)

Lord Rama! my honour is in Thy hands

Thou art the Protector of the poor, I surrender myself at Thy feet.

I have heard of the sinners whom Thou hast reclaimed.

I am an old sinner, pray extend Thy loving hand and take me to Thyself,

To destroy the sins of the sinner and to remove the ailments of the afflicted is Thy occupation.

Grant me Thy devotion, O Lord! and confer Thy grace on me! So prays Tulsidas. (Vide App. Item 202).

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(16)

Why hast Thou abandoned me, O Lord?

Although Thou knowest me to be a great sinner, yet Thou lettest me go uncared for.

The Vedas say Thou art the purifier of the impure, the shelter of the shelterless and of the humble Thou art the protector.

I am all of these, impure, shelterless and humble, and yet Thou dost not succour me.

First you let me sit in the company of the sinners Ajamil, Ganika, the cruel Hunter, and Gajendra

And when Thou startest to extend Thy Grace to them, Thou banishest me from that company.

O Lord! if had we but, known it, this Age of *Kali* is more powerful than Thee,

We should have left Thee, and sung the praises of the *Kàli* Age.

But who does not know Thy power, for canst Thou a *Bramha* into a mosquito and a mosquito into *Bramha* convert in a moment!

When with all this power Thou yet abandonest me, what hope is there then for me!

A sinner am I, I fear not the fire of Hell:

But I am pained because the power of Thy Name shall be questioned and ridiculed because it has failed to purify one who always took shelter in Thy Name. So says Tulsidas. (Vide App. Item 203).

(17)

Let anyone accept any *sadhana,* he is free to follow its pursuit.

But to me Thy name is the granter of all boons.

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The various paths outlined in the *Vedas* for the emancipation from *karma, upasana* and *gyan* are all good,

But I seek only one shelter and that is Thy Name, I seek nothing besides,

Alas! I had wasted all these years on other things like a dog rushing from one place to another,

But now, having enjoyed the sweet bliss of Thy Name I cast not my glances elsewhere.

It is the fulfiller of my wishes here and in the world to come.

Has not Thy Name O Lord made the very stones swim in the ocean and also helped the monkeys to cross the waters?

A man may have his affection rivetted anywhere as also his faith,

But I recognise only my relationship with the NAME —*Rama*—It is my father and my mother,

I swear by Shankara and state the Truth without hiding it,

That Tulsidas sees all good accruing to him only by repeating Thy Name. (Vide App. Item 204).

(18)

O Mother Sri Sitaji! whenever there is occasion, pray recommend me to Lord Sri Rama in your own way.

I am the humble, helpless, sinner, mean and defiled; I earn my living only by repeating His Name,

When He asks for my credentials, pray tell him about my destitute condition.

This I know, that the moment those words reach His ears, I shall gain my object and peace and happiness shall fall to my lot.

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Mother Sri Sitaji intervened for him with the Lord, and as a result he gained release from the cycle of rebirth. So says Tulsidas. (Vide App. Item 205).

(19)

O Lord! who is there besides Thee who will hear my cry?

Strange is my petition—a poor man I, I seek to become a king. Who will endure and relish such talk as mine?

From time immemorial I have suffered the tortures of hell and have lived through many low births, but I crave not for wealth or even salvation though I know Thou canst confer all these.

What I desire is to become in every birth a toy for Thee to play with or a mere stone to touch Thy feet.

If Thou shouldst grant Tulsidas this boon Thou shalt always keep him by Thy side,

It is nothing to me how low I am born in the scale of creation, animate or inanimate, I care not. (Vide App. Item 206).

(20)

Unknowable are Thy ways O Lord!

Thou lovest the lowly while turning away Thine eyes from the conceited pure!

Examples are not wanting—did not Putna come to kill Thee,

Applying poison to her nipples? yet to her Thou gavest salvation!

The Gopis loved Thee for sensual delight and yet so enviable was their lot,

That even the creator Brahma yearned to have the dust of their feet.

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Sisupal ever abused Thee a hundred times daily,

And yet Thou gavest salvation to him in the presence of all.

The cruel hunter struck Thee with a poisoned arrow,

And by Thy grace he went bodily to heaven.

None need despair who hath both good and evil to his credit,

Because he can well expect salvation since I, who had only evil to his credit and no virtue, gained salvation by His Grace. So says Tulsidas. (Vide App. Item 207).

To return to the account of Sri Tulsidas, even during his lifetime the fame of his great work, *Sri Ramacharitra Manas* was widely spread and so great was the jealousy aroused by it, that it was only with difficulty that he saved it from destruction. Once the Lord Himself appeared and protected it from the hands of robbers and later he kept a copy of it at Seth Todarmal's house in Banaras, which was saved.

Many incidents indicating the various traits of Sri Tulsidas' character are to be found in old manuscripts. At Brindaban I had occasion to see a manuscript containing a sketch of Sri Tulsidas which was over 200 years old, and which had been received from Ayodhia. I quote a few of the incidents recorded therein:—

(1) One Kamal Bhav requested Sri Tulsidasji to procure for him Lord Rama's *Sakshatkar!*

Sri Tulsidasji answered: "You do not meditate on the Lord with single-minded devotion, how is it then possible to have His *darshan? Continually* worship Him with concentration. His Grace shall come of its own accord and you shall see Him in a vision."

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Kamal Bhav insisted however, so Tulsidasji told him to go and erect a trident (*trisul*) and jump over it repeating the *mantra* "Rama" and the Lord would then appear and save him. The man was afraid and would not try the experiment which meant risking his life. However, another devotee, who had full faith in Tulsidasji, did as he was instructed and before the trident could touch his skin the Lord appeared and saved him.

An indomitable faith in the guru's words is the only path to realisation.

(2) Somebody asked: "What is the surest and swiftest way to realization?"

Sri Tulsidasji said: "If you will constantly repeat the Lord's Name, with no hope of reward, so that you lose consciousness while chanting it, you shall obtain the supreme gift.

"Svapney tatha sambhramta prmadadi vijrambhnat-sanskhlasad bhavat

Rameti nametismratassakritvanasyatsankh dwij dhneu hatya"

"Very great is the power of the Name of the Lord—even when uttered in dream, or while yawning unawares; it will counteract such great sins as the killing of hundreds of cows and even of Brahman."

This potency of the Name of the Lord is not surprising because it is *satchitanand swarup* and *aprakritic*, divine, it is eternal radiance, and is therefore powerful enough to dissolve all those sins that are constituted of *prakritic gunas*.

(3) Once Jahangir requested Tulsidas to perform some miracle. The great saint answered: "Miracle-mongering is not the profession of the sage, it is a trickster's job.

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A *dervish's* devotion suffers if he indulges in such acts. If a true devotee persists in performing miracles, he shall be deprived of the vision of the Lord....."

Jahangir offered him a heavy purse. Tulsidasji replied: "One who wants to perform the Lord's Devotion, should never seek to accumulate riches. The contemplation of money and its attendant anxieties soil the mind and render it unfit for the meditation of the Lord."

When Jahangir requested him to accept the money for the service of the saints, Tulsidasji answered: "I refuse to allow *Maya*, (Illusion) in any form, to have any part in me. Pray take your money away from here. Indulge in such services yourself. I do not wish to spread my palm before you that you may spit thereupon and I should lick it...."

Jahangir then observed: "Swamiji—our minister Birbal is very wise!" Tulsidasji answered: "That may be so, Jahangir! But if while gifted with this valuable transient body he does not seek and realise God, then there is none more foolish than he. To be successful in repartee, as he is, is no sign of wisdom. Wisdom consists in the realization of the God-head."

Jahangir asked: "Swamiji! why is a man born poor?" Tulsidasji answered: "Poverty in this life is due to the fruits of the deeds of past lives. If one has illicitly usurped the money of others, or has not given it away in gifts, he is more likely to be born poor in this life."

(4) Raja Tilak Singh asked Tulsidasji to confer upon him the undivided devotion of Sri Radha Krishna! Tulsidasji answered: "Not till the taste for the sensual delights of this world is banished can man taste the joys of Eternity. You must give up the company of the worldly, your courtiers and flatterers, for they are a prey to sensual objects. On

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hearing the discussion of such matters the mind begins to dwell upon them and thus leads to a spiritual fall. If you wish to love God—give up the company of worldly people immediately. Your courtiers by their sweet talk forge fetters of *Rajas* (passion) and *Tamas* (dullness) *Gunas* (attributes) for you. If you desire to realise your aim, retire to the wilderness. of Brindaban and dwell amongst the saints:—

"Tulyami lavnenapi na swargam napnurbhavam
Bhagwatsangi sangas mrityanam kimutasisa."
(*Bhagwat*)

"Their company for a moment even will pave the way to realization, the high value of which cannot be compared to Heaven or even *Mukti."*

We close this short sketch by quoting those lines from Tulsidas which sum up his whole philosophy:

"To dive into the ocean of the Lord's radiance, and drink deep of His Beauty as does the fish; to hear discourses upon His exploits, to chant His sweet Name, to be filled with love and surrender to Him and seek His solitary refuge, this Tulsidas says is essence of all *sastras,* the life's goal and he has known that it is the only way to gain life's Goal—realization."

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Chapter XIII

THE LITTLE-KNOWN SAINT OF BRINDABAN

"The World knows least of its greatest men".—Proverbs

Saints are those who have made an end of this world, have renounced it in all its moods and tenses, and who in their efforts to woo the Divine Beloved have become "naked to meet the naked Christ", "have taken up the cross to follow the teacher", have become monks at the instance of the enlightened guru, and having thoroughly subdued the creature and transcending body-consciousness, revel in the *atmic* radiance.

It is difficult to recognize saints, but the burning thirst, the insatiable yearning which is satisfied by nothing short of self-realization, paves the way for them. If Sri Tulsidas[1] says "If I were to hear anyone say 'I have recognized a sant', I would close my ears", the moslem Sufi[2] adds "It requires an adept to recognize another adept", and Sri Nanak solves the riddle by saying "he who is pre-destined to meet the *Satguru* in this life will meet him. None will gain him by effort alone or the practice of devotion."

"Why is there this difficulty of recognition?" I answer by saying, "Because the saint is the custodian of the Divine Word or Name, howsoever you may call It. It is the Word that is heard as unstruck sound. It is heard only in the heart of the genuine seeker who is made to realise *his*

[1] *Jo koyi kahe sant main chinho. Tulsidos hath kan pardinha.*
[2] *Vali ra vali mi shanasad.*

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saint. The *Satguru* is the gateway to realization and an infallible guide. The seeker will find a *Satguru* who has reached the last life in the cycle of rebirth and, by the grace of his guru, he will not be reborn because he will gain emancipation in this present life. Fortunate indeed is he, but an intense yearning to realise God, a restlessness that makes one consciously and unconsciously transcend all body-consciousness paves the way to the recognition of the saint *Satguru*.

My search after meeting Gandhiji, Sri Tagore, Sri Krishnamurti, Anandmoyeji, Ramana Maharshi and the great men, poets and seers of India continued and through correspondence with spiritual luminaries of the West, took me deep into the *sastras* of the East and West, caused me to pass nights and days with the Sufi *Saints* and the Vedantist *Swamis* of Uttarakhand in the Himalayas, and ultimately enabled me to discern the true signs whereby I could recognize *my saint*. I note these signs below for the guidance of struggling genuine seekers without any desire on my part to convert others to my creed or to "my" saint.

Saints are not God, yet they do not dwell for a moment apart from Him.[3]

Saints ever dwell in the Lord, and seek no shelter but His Lotus Feet.

Saints serve no king but only God; They fight no enemy but Satan.

Saints build no *Ashrams* (institutions) form no organisations, fight no elections, seek no office.

Saints are no slaves to the tongue neither do they yield to the call of the flesh.

[3] *Mardane Khuda Khula na bashad.*
Vagarna az khuda juda na bashad. Sufi saying.

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Saints lack sex-consciousness; and are never swayed by passion.

Saints do not marry.

Saints constantly rejoice in the WORD.

Saints, even in their dreams, do not see the world.

Saints are *gunatit* in all the levels of consciousness—*jagrit, swapna, sushupti* and *turiya* states.

Saints are simple as children and are quick to allay the suffering of others as soon as they see it.

Saints are pacificists, humanitarians and philanthropists.

Saints love all creeds and their followers. They are meek and above *sampradayas* (sects).

Saints bear divine marks on the hands and feet.

Saints do not *consciously* perform miracles. Sometimes these may irresistibly flow from them.

Saints are poor in spirit, *i.e.*, ego-less, humble and meek.

Saints live by what they preach.

Saints hate the touch of money as that of the scorpion.

Saints do not dance attendance on the rich or on anyone in this world.

Saints do not lecture.

Saints do not sleep. They help aspirants in astral plane.

Saints avoid the company of the world; and dwell only in the company of saints.

Saints love.....[4]

[4]The Seeker may also be guided by *shlokas* XII 13 to 19: XIV 22 to 26 and II 55-58 of the *Gita* in his search.

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Girded with this knowledge, and taking the first step forward on the Path—renunciation—I vowed that I would die or find my *saint*.

My renunciation of the world, in the sense in which it was possible at that stage in my life, opened the way for me and I came back to my lost home of old—Brindaban, thus achieving at one stroke my lost heritage. I had glimpses of my Guide in my earlier devotions but here I found "my saint" whom I sought—in flesh and blood. I discovered the fruit of my search—my guru's representative on earth. I can give no credentials nor anything more about my Saint—"X"—except a word here and there of "X's" *upadesh* that I have heard and enjoyed. Words are index enough for you to judge for yourself: Once "X" spoke thus:—

"Names and forms do not matter. It is the fire—the yearning, that lights the Way. Unless you pant as the hart pants for water from the brooks, and unless your soul yearns for those drops of nectar from the Divine lips as the *chatak* does for the *swanti*-drop; unless your soul thirsts for the eternal blue-complexioned Lord Radha Krishna, He will not appear. Let tears be your meat day in, day out, and let sighs ever fan the fire that burns in your heart. . . . . ."

"X" stopped, and recovering a little from trance said, "Yes sing from some saint." Eager to serve "X", I began the wail of the Flute by Maulana Rumi:—

"Sirrey man az nalay man dur neyst
Lek chasmo gosh ra yin nur neyst
Tun ze jan va jan ze tan mastur neyst
Lek kas ra did jan dastur neyst
Atishast yin bang nayey va nest bad
Har ke yin atish nadarad neyst bad

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Atishey yishkust kandar nay fitad
Joshishey ishkast ki andar may fitad
Na harif har ki az yarey bareyd
Pardahayesh pardahaye ma darayd
Ham chu nay zahrey va tirayaqey kidad
Ham chu nay dam sazwa mushtaqey kidad[5]

Quietly with closed eyes "X" listened, when the words softly fell from those lips, as if carried to the sphere of Sri Radha Krishna *lila* and "X" sang:—

(1)

O Cruel Flute! (of Sri Krishna), says Sri Radha! You and the bow are both by birth sisters, yet I prefer the bow to you, and offer my obeisances to it. My reason is simple, when one is struck by the bow, one dies forthwith and has not to endure the internal heat of the agony of separation, but Your flute hurts like cupid's arrow, and brings us to a plight which is more pitiable and tyrannical than death itself. (Vide App. Item 208).

(2)

"Your qualities, O Flute! offer a queer paradox! You are full of holes, yet those holes are filled with the nectar of Krishna's lips. You are hard by constitution yet capable of softening the stony hearts of the world with

[5]The mystery of the secret of my heart (says the *jiva Atman*) does not lie far from my wail, but these fleshly eyes of mine can neither see nor hear it. This body is permeated with the *Atman*, and the *Atman* dwells in the body, but does not know *Atman*. (Cf. *Gita* IX—5). This is not merely sound, but the agony of love which burns my heart and finds expression through the call of the flute, but not everyone treasures or cherishes this noble fire (of Love). The flute carries within it the fire of Love, it holds the passion and fervour of Love within itself. The call of the flute is a companion to the companionless. I tear asunder those veils which cloud the clear vision of the Supreme Companion. Poison and its antidote both dwell side by side in the music of the flute; both the Lover and the Beloved are in it.....

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your wail, although your notes are indistinct and musical, yet when they strike upon the ears of the deer, they stand mute, and although you are born of a low family yet you are valiant enough to make the ladies of the family go mad and discard all formalities on hearing your sound." (Vide App. Item 209).

O Flute! apparently you are hollow yet carry within yourself many sweet notes. Although you have but one foot you perform marvellous feats and although established yourself in rest you constantly send out music to make others restless. Blessed is this Flute of Murari that confers simultaneously peace and the restlessness and fervour of love. (Vide App. Item 210).

(3)

The Sound of this Flute although indistinct pervades the whole universe; and although it only enters the ear, it sways the whole body making its effect felt in all the parts thereof. Although it is seen to utter but one note yet are its effects multitudinous, imparting numerous spiritual experiences. Sometimes it confers the supreme blessing of the experience of meeting and sometimes it administers the deadliest poison of the experience of parting from Krishna. (Vide App. Item 211).

(4)

I do not know how much nectar and poison it holds simultaneously. I do not know whether this Flute is harder than the hardest stone or softer than the softest water. I feel sometimes that it is hotter than the heat of the fire and cooler than the cold of ice. You may ask why I am unable to tell this! I answer because it deprives us, the dwellers of Braja of all our faculties of discrimination." (Vide App. Item 212).

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I was silent and then as if awakened from an ecstatic reverie "X" motioned me to proceed and I continued:—

"Yin hadisey rah pur khun mi kunad
Kissa haye ishk Majnun mi kunad
Mahramey yin hosh juz behosh neyst
Mar zaban ra mushtri juz gosh neyst"[6]

"X's" eyes lit up and observed: "but is there no apology for expressing the pangs of love?" I looked into those glittering light-filled orbs, and at the tear they held like a pearl or even like a dew-drop in the lotus and there flowed like nectar from those lips these lines:—

"Mara dardeyst andar dil agar goyam zaban sozad.
Vagardar dam kasham tarsam ki maghzey 'stkhan sozad,
Kuk karun jagat hansey aur chupkey lagey ghaw
Ayso kathin siney ka kis bidh karun upav." (Nazir)[7]

"X" signalled me to say more on the only "living thing in this world—Love."

[6]The flute sings of the difficult path of Love which lies besprinkled with the blood of many a *Majnun*, those lovers of Laila. None is acquainted with its mystery of Love save he who has transcended the mind and intellect and is lost to all physical consciousness, for Love is heard through the eyes and seen through the ears (Cf.—'Love' and Atma's *gyananand swarup*—vide *Gita* XIII—13).

[7]In my heart there dwells the sweet agony of Love, if I do not speak of it, it burns my heart and melts my bones with the indrawn breath as the fire leaps into flame. And if I dare to blurt it out in spite of myself, it burns my tongue. What shall I do? I can only sit silent and kiss the wounds of Love, for I know of no other balm.

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Eulogising "Love" I began again:

"Har ke ra az jamay ze ishkey chak shud
Un zey hirsey ayb kulli pak shud.
Shad bash ay yishkey khush sauday ma
Ay tabibey jumlaye illat haye ma,
Ay dawaye nikhwato namus ma
Ay aflatuno jalinus ma."[8] (Masnavi Rumi)

Hearing this "X" said—"Love is everything. It is a ladder that leads to Him. It is of His very Nature. It is He Himself."

There was silence. Then "X" began:—

"If my cold ashes could glow with the sparks of love I would play the *chakor* and embrace the red embers and ravish them. Alas! today the guitar of my life lies mute. My song is left half sung. My Girdhar cometh not to complete it.....tell me, O my Beloved, how long shall thy *chatki* survive without the *swanti*-drops of nectar from Thy lips? Confide Your Secret in me and I shall treasure it! What hath offended Thee that Thou shouldst live apart from me?..... O ye stars! bear witness, I have kept a life-long vigil and He has not come. With many tears have my eyes played the spendthrift, O clouds! bear ye witness. And ye Malayan breezes, hot with my sighs, convey this message to my Beloved One, 'Thy separated One is gasping now with difficulty. .....Eyes that have not turned stony through wailing for the Beloved: ears that have not turned deaf to all sound while patiently waiting for the music of the Flute—they know not

[8]He whose apron is torn to shreds by the entrance of Love,
He is the pure and sinless one
Welcome, O' madness of love! Supreme healer of all maladies.
Thou art like the great physicians of the past,
Infallible in the treatment of my malady. I bow to Thee.

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the love of the Beloved.....' Here "X" stopped and said "Ah! where have I meandered," and began again:

"Of course Rumi has seen Sri Krishna—his words indicate this. Everything can be achieved by '*Virah*' (the enduring agony of separation) it is the only easy path to the Absolute, it is the only path, if *luckily* one is *born* to pursue it."

The emphasis on 'luckily' and 'born' made me ask 'Why is this so?' and the answer came:—

"Saints are born not made". (By Saints "X" meant the Beloveds of the God and not merely the Lovers of God). "Those who have come from Heaven will go back to Heaven, as will any whom they take with them."

In these sweet words a great secret was told. I requested to be told more, whereupon "X" laid hands on a small manuscript; from which I have quoted in this volume in the sketch of "The Gopis of Brindaban"—under the caption "The Sighs of the Gopis".

Since then my life has been passed in "X's" *satsang* and in my attempts to know more of "X".

"X's" life is poetry now and forever—the music shall not be disturbed by any mundane note. If you cry out asking "X" to show you the path, the answer you will get: "Renounce the creature and creation in all forms and moods and turn to the Creator. Meet your guru in the wilderness of Braj and dwell with him reciting His Name there till in the end Ye meet the Beloved Sri Radha Krishna."

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APPENDIX

VI. SURDAS

Hindi Songs

Item No. 105.

कौन सुने यह बात हमारी ।
समरथ और न देखौं तुम बिन का सौं विथा कहौं बनवारी ॥
तुम अविगत अनाथ के स्वामी दीनदयाल निकुंज बिहारी ।
सदा सहाय करी दासन की जो उर धरी सोई प्रतिपारी ॥
अबकेहि शरण जाऊं यादवपति राखि लेऊ बलित्रास निवारी ।
'सूरदास' चरनन की बलि बलि कौन गुसां ते कृपा बिसारी ॥ १ ॥

Item No. 106.

जो हम भले बुरे तौ तेरे ।
तुम्हें हमारी लाज बड़ाई बिनती सुनो प्रभु मेरे ॥
सब तजि तुम शरणागति आयो निजकर चरण गहे रे ।
तुम प्रताप बलबदत न काहू निडर भये घर चेरे ॥
और देव सब रंक भिखारी त्यागे बहुत अनेरे ।
'सूरदास' प्रभु तुमरी कृपा ते पाये सुख जो घनेरे ॥ २ ॥

Item No. 107.

जैसेहि रारवौ तैसेहि रहौं ।
जानत दुख सुख सब जन के तुम मुखकर कहा कहौं ॥
कबहुंक भोजन लहौं कृपानिधि कबहुंक भूख सहौं ।
कबहुंक चढ़ूं तुरंग महा गज कबहुंक भार बहौं ॥
कमलनयन घनश्याम मनोहर अनुचर भयो रहौं ।
'सूरदास' प्रभु कृपानिधि तुम्हरो चरण गहौं ॥ ३ ॥

Item No. 108.

बिनती करत मरत हौं लाज ।
नख सिख लौं मेरी यह देही है पाप की जहाज ॥

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और पतित आवत न आंख तर देखत अपनो साज।
तीनों पन भरि और निबाह्यो तऊ न आयो बाज॥
पाछे भयो न आगे ह्वै है सब पतितन सिरताज।
नरकौ भज्यो नाम सुनि मेरो पीठ दई यमराज॥
अब लौं नान्हे रून्हे तारयो ते सब वृथा अकाज।
सांचे विरद 'सूर' के तारत लोकन लोक अवाज ॥ ४ ॥

Item No. 109.

तुम गोपाल मो सौं बहुत करी।
नर देही दीनी सुमिरन को मो पापी ते कछु न सरी॥
गर्भ बास अति त्रास अधोमुख तहां न मेरी सुधि बिसरी।
पावक जठर जरन नहिं दीनो कंचन सी मेरी देह धरी॥
जग में जन्मि पाप बहु कीने आदि अंत लौंसब बिगरी।
'सूर' पतित तुम पतित उधारन अपने विरद की लाजधरी ॥ ५ ॥

Item No. 110.

हरि बिन कौन सों कहिए।
मनसिज व्यथा जरात अरनि लौं उर अंतर दहिये॥
कानन भवन रैन अरु वासर कहुं न सचु लहिये।
मूके भये यज्ञ के पशु लौं कहं लौं दुख सहिये॥
कबहुंक, उपजै जिय मेंऐसी जाय यमुन बहिये।
'सूरदास' प्रभु कमल नयन बिन कैसे ब्रज रहिये ॥ ६ ॥

Item No. 111.

दीनन दुख हरन देव संतन हित कारी॥
अजामील गीध व्याध इनमें कहो कौन साध।
पंछीहूको पद पढ़ात गणिका सी तारी॥
ध्रुव के सिर छत्र देत प्रह्लाद को उभार लेत।
भक्त हेत बांध्यो सेत लंकपुरी जारी॥
तंदुल देत रीझ जात साग पात सों अघात।
गनत नाहीं जूठे फल खाटे मीठे खारी॥

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गज को जब ग्राह ग्रसयो दुशासन चीर खस्यो।
सभा बीच कृष्ण! कृष्ण! द्रौपदी पुकारी॥
इतने में हरि आय गये वसनन आरूढ़ भये।
'सूरदास' द्वारे ठाढ़ो आंधरो भिखारी ॥ ७॥

Item No. 112.

करि गोपाल की सब होई।
जो अपनो पुरुषारथ मानत अति झूठौ है सोई॥
साधन मंत्र जंत्र उद्यम बल ये सबडारो धोई।
जोकछु लिखि राखी नन्दनंदन मेटि सके नहिं कोई॥
दुःख सुख लाभ अलाभ समुझ तुम कतहि मरत हो रोई।
'सूरदास' स्वामी करुणामय स्याम चरन मन पोई ॥ ८॥

Item No. 113.

देखि सखी मोहन मनचोरत।
नैन कटाक्ष विलोकन माधुरी सुभगभ्रुकुटि विवि मोरत॥
चन्दन खौर ललाट श्याम के निरखत अति सुखदाई।
मनो अर्ध चंद्र तट अहिनी सुधा चुरावन आई॥
मलयज भाल भ्रकुटि की रेखा करि उपमा एकल्यावत।
मानो एक संग गंग यमुन नभ तिरछी धार बहावत॥
भ्रकुटि चारु निरख ब्रजसुन्दरि यह मनकरत विचार।
'सूरदास' प्रभु शोभा सागर कोऊ न पावत पार ॥ ९॥

Item No. 114.

श्याम! सखी नीके देखे नाहीं।
चितवत ही लोचन भरि आये बार बार पछिताई॥
कैसेहु करि एक टक राखत नेकहु में अकुलाहीं।
निमिष मनो छवि पर रखवारे ताते अतिहि डराही॥
कहा करैं इन को कहा दोषन इन अपनी सी कीन्हीं।
'सूरश्याम' छवि पर मन अटक्यो उन सब शोभालीन्हीं ॥ १०॥

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Item No. 115.

देखो भाई सुन्दरता को सागर।
बुद्धि विवेक बल पार न पावत मगन होत मन नागर॥
तनु अति श्याम अगाध अम्बुनिधि कटि पट पीत तरंग।
चितवत चलत अधिक रुचि उपजत भंवर परत सब अंग॥
नैन मनि मकराकृत कुंडल भुजबल सुमग भुजंग।
मुकुतमाल मिलि मानो सुरसरि द्वै सरिता लिए संग॥
मोर मुकुट मणि नग आभूषण कटि किंकिन नखचंद।
मनो अडोल वारिध में बिबित राका उडगणवृंद॥
वदन चंद्र मण्डल की शोभा अवलोकन सुख देत।
जनु जलनिधि मथि प्रकट कियो शशि श्री अरुसुधा समेत॥
देखि सरूप सकल गोपीजन रहीं विचारि विचारी।
तद्यपि 'सूर' तरि सकी न शोभा रहीं प्रेम पचिहारि ॥ १२॥

Item No. 116.

प्रीति कर काहू सुख न लह्यो।
प्रीति पतंग करी दीपक सो आपे प्राण दहयो॥
अलिसुत प्रीति करी जलसुत सों सम्पत्ति हाथ गह्यो।
शारंग प्रीति करी जो नाद सों सन्मुख बान सह्यो॥
हम जो प्रीति करी माधौ सों चलत न कछु कह्यो।
'सूरदास' प्रभु बिनु दुख दूनौ नैनन नीर बह्यो ॥१२॥

Item No. 117.

हरि दरशन को तरसत अंखियां।
झांकति झांपति झरोखा बैठी कर मींडित ज्यों मखियां॥
बिछुरी बदन सुधानिधि रिसते लागत नहिं पलखियां।
इक टक चितवति उड़ न सकत जनु थकित भई लखसखियां॥
बार बार शिर धुनति बिसूरति विरह ग्राह जन भखियां।
'सूर' स्वरूप मिले ते जीवहि काढ़ि किनारे नखियां॥१३॥

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Item No. 118.

अब या तनुहि कहो कहा कीजै।
सुनि री सखी श्यामसुंदर बिन बांटि बिषम बिष पीजै॥
कै गिरिये गिरि चढ़ सुनि सजनी शीश शंकरहि दीजै।
कै दहिये दारुण दावानल जाय यमुन धसि लीजै॥
दुसह वियोग, विरह माधो कौ दिन ही दिन ही छीजै।
'सूरश्याम' प्रीतम बिन राधे सोचि सोचि जिय जीजै ॥ १४॥

Item No. 119.

अंखियां हरि दर्शन की प्यासी।
देख्यो चाहत कमल नयन को, निशि दिन रहत उदासी॥
आए ऊधो फिरि गए अंगना डारि गए गर फांसी।
केसर को तिलक मोतिन की माला वृन्दावन के वासी॥
काहू के मन की कोऊ न जानत लोगन के मन हांसी।
सूरदास प्रभु तुम्हरे दरश को जाए करवट ल्यों कासी ॥ १५॥

Item No. 120.

ऊधो न बिरहिनि हम न तुम दास।
कहत सुनत घट प्राण रहत हैं हरि तजु भजहु अकास॥
बिरही मीन मरै जल बिछुरे छांडि जीवन की आस।
दास भाव नहि तजत पपीहा बरसहि रहत पियास॥
पंकज परम कमल में विहरत विधि कियो नीर निरास।
राजिव रवि को दोष न मानत शशि सों सहज उदास॥
प्रगट प्रीति दशरथ प्रतिपाली प्रीतम को बनवास
'सूर श्याम' सों पतिव्रत कीन्हो छांडि जगत उपहास॥ १६॥

Item No. 121.

ऊधो प्यारे कही सो बहुरि न कहिये।
जो तुम हमें जिवावो चाहत अनबोले होई रहिये॥
प्राण हमारे घात होत है तुमरे भावै हांसी।
या जीवन सों मरन भलो है करवत लेवो कासी॥

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पूरव प्रीति संभारि हमारि तुम को कहन पठायो।
हम तो जरि बरि भस्म भये तुम आनि मसान जगायो॥
कै हरि हम को आनि मिलावहुं कै ले चलिये साथे।
'सूरश्याम' बिन प्राण तजत हैं बने तुम्हारे माथे ॥ १७॥

Item No. 122.

अति मलीन वृषभानु कुमारी।
हरि श्रम जल अंतर तनु भीजे ता लालच न धुआवत सारी॥
अधोमुख रहत उरध नहिं चितवत ज्यों गथहारे थकित जूथ आरी।
छूटे चिहुर बदन कुम्हिलाने ज्यों नलिनी हिमकर की मारि॥
हरि संदेश सुनि सहज मृतक भई एक विरहिनि दूजे अलिजारी।
"सूर श्याम" बिन यों जीवत है ब्रज बनिता सब श्याम दुलारी॥१८॥

Item No. 123.

हरि आये सो भली कीन्ही।
मोहि देखत कहि उठि राधिका अंक तिमिर को दीन्ही॥
तनु अति कंपित विरह अति ब्याकुल उर धुक धुकी खेद कीन्ही।
चलत चरण गहि रहि गई गिरि खेद सलिल भई भीनी॥
छूटी वट भुज फूटी बलया टूटी लर फटी कंचुकी झीनी।
मानो प्रेम के परन परेवा या ही ते पढ़ि लीनी॥
अवलोकति यहि भांति रमापति मानो छूटी अहि मणि छीनी।
सूरदास प्रभु कहौं कहा लगि है अयान मति हीनी ॥ १९॥

Item No. 124.

सुनो श्याम यह बात और कोऊक्यों समुझाय कहै।
दुहुं दिशि को रति विरह विरहनी कैसे कै जो सहै॥
जब राधे तब ही मुख माधो माधो रटत रहै।
जब माधो होई जात सकल तनु राधा विरह दहै॥
उभय अग्र दौं दारु कीट ज्यों शीतलताहि चहै।
सूरदास अति विकल विरहनी कैसेहु सुख न लहै ॥ २०॥

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Item No. 125.

जो पै कोई मधुबन लै जाय।
पतियां लिखी स्याम सुंदर को कर कंकन देऊं ताय॥
अब वह प्रीति कहां गई माधव मिलते बेनु बजाय।
नयन नीर सब सेज्या भीजै दुख सों रैन विहाय॥
सून भवन मोहे खरो डरावै यह ऋतु बन न सुहाय।
सूरदास यह समौ गये ते पुनि कहि लै हैं आय ॥ २१ ॥

Item No. 126.

बिनु माधव राधा तनु सजनी सब विपरीति भई।
गई छपाय जवाकर की छवि रही कलंक मई॥
लोचन हुते सरद सारस से सुछबि निचोय लई।
आंच लगे चूइगो सोना ज्यों त्यों तनु घातु हुई॥
कदली दल सी पीठि मनोहर सो जनु उलट गई।
सम्पत्ति सब हरि हरि 'सूर' प्रभुविपदा दई नई ॥ २२ ॥

Item No. 127.

ऊधो जो कोई या तनु फेर बनावै।
तऊ न नन्द नन्दन तज मधुकर और कछु मन आवै॥
या तनु की कोई त्वचा काढ़ के सुंदर दुन्दुभि साजै।
विविध उतंग तान रंग से श्याम श्याम कहि बाजै॥
या तनु की कोई करै कींगरी और नसन के तार।
आठों जाम मधुर ध्वनि निकसै सुन्दर श्याम मुरार॥
निकसें प्राण होय तनु माटी, द्रुम लागे तिंह ठाम।
सूरदास शाखा फल पत्री लेत उठै हरि नाम ॥ २३ ॥

Item No. 128.

ऊधो देखत हो जैसे ब्रजवासी।
लेत उसांस नैन जल पूरित सुमिर सुमिर अविनासी॥

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भूलि न उठत यशोदा जननी मनो भुअंगम डासी।
छूटति नहीं प्राण क्यों अटके कठिन प्रेम की फांसी॥
आवत नहि नंद मन्दिर में बह्यो फिरत पनिया सी।
प्रेम न मिले धेनु दुर्बल भई श्याम विरह की त्रासी॥
गोपी ग्वाल सखा बालक सब कहूं न सुनियत हांसी।
काहे दियो 'सूर' सुख में दुख कपटी कान्ह लवासी॥ २४॥

Item No. 129.

गोपालहि पावौं धौं केहि देश।
शृंगी मुद्रा कनक खप्पर करि करि हौं योगिनि वेष॥
कंथा पहरि विभूति लगाऊं जटा बन्धाऊं केश।
हरि के कारण गोरखहि जगाऊं जैसे स्वांग महेश॥
तन मन जारूं भस्म चढ़ाऊं विरहनि गुरू उपदेश।
'सुर' श्याम बिन हम हैं ऐसे जैसे मणिबिनु शेष ॥ २५॥

Item No. 130.

मधुकर इतनी कहियहु जाइ।
अति कृष गात भई ये तुम बिनु, परम दुखारी गाई॥
जल समूह बरसत दोऊ आंखें हूंकत लीन्हे नांऊ।
जहँ जहँ गो दूहन कीनों सूंघत सोई सोई ठाऊं॥
परत पछार खाई छिनहीं छिन अति आतुर ह्वै दीन।
मानहुं सूर काढ़ि डारी है वारि मध्य ते मीन ॥ २६॥

Item No. 131.

मनौं हौं ऐसे ही मरि जै हौं।
यहि आंगन गोपाल लाल को कबहुंक कनियां लै हौं॥
कब वह मुख बहुरो देखौंगी कब वैसो सचु पै हौं।
कब मो पै माखन मांगैगो कब रोटी धरि दै हौं॥
मिलन आस तन प्रान रहत है दिन दस मारग चै हौं।
जो न सूर कान्ह आइहैं तौ जाई जमुन धंसि लै हौं ॥ २७॥

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Item No. 132.

केहि मारग मैं जाऊं सखी री मारग मुहि बिसरयो।
ना जानौं कित ह्वै गंए मोहि जात न जानि परयो॥
अपनो पिय ढूंढति फिरौं री मोहि मिलबे को चाव।
कांटा लाग्यो प्रेम को पिय यह पायो दाव॥
बन डोंगर ढूंढति फिरौं घर मारग तजि गांव।
बूझौं द्रुम प्रति रूख राय कोउ कहै न पिय को नांव॥
चकित भई चितवत फिरी व्याकुल अति ही अनाथ।
अब कै जो कैसेहुं मिलौ तौ पलक न तजिहौं साथ॥
हृदय मांह पिय घर करौं री नैनन बैठक देऊं।
'सूरदास' प्रभु संग मिलौं बहुरि रास रस लेऊं ॥ २८॥

Item No. 133.

ब्रज के बिरही लोग दुखारे।
बिन गोपाल ठगे से ठाढ़े अति दुर्बल तनु कारे॥
नंद यशोदा मारग जोवतं नित उठि सांझ सवारे।
चहुं दिशि कान्ह कान्ह करि टेरत अंसु अन बहत पनारे॥
गोपी गाय ग्वाल गोसुत सब अतिहि दीन बिचारे।
'सूरदास' प्रभु बिन यों शोभित चंद्र बिना ज्यों तारे ॥ २९॥

Item No. 134.

नाथ अनाथन की सुधि लीजै।
गोपी गाय ग्वाल गोसुत सब दीन मलीन दिन ही दिन छीजै॥
नैन सजल धारा बाढ़ी अति बूडत ब्रज किन कर गहि लीजै।
इतनी बिनती सुनहु हमारी बारकहु पतियां लिखि दीजै॥
चरण कमल दर्शन नव नौंका करुणा सिंधु जगत यश लीजै।
'सूरदास' प्रभु आश मिलन की एक बार आवन ब्रज कीजै ॥ ३०॥

Item No. 135.

निशि दिन बरसत नैन हमारे।
सदा रहत वर्षा ऋतु हम पर जब ते श्याम सिधारे॥

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नैन अंजन न रहत निशि वासर कर कपोल भए कारे।
कंचुकि पट सूखत नहिं कबहुं उर बिच बहत पनारे ॥
ऐसे सलिल सबै भई काया पल न जात रिस टारे।
सूरदास प्रभु गोकुल बूड़त काहे न लेत उबारे ॥ ३१ ॥

Item No. 136.

नयन सलोने श्याम हरि कब आवहिंगे ॥
वै जो देखत राते राते फूलन फूले डारि।
हरि बिन फूल झरी सी लागत झरि झरि परत अंगार ॥
फूल बिनन ना जाऊं सखी री हरिबिन कैसे फूल।
सुनि री सखी मोहि राम दोहाई लागत फूल त्रिशूल ॥
जब ते पनघट जाऊं सखी री वा यमुना के तीर।
भरि भरि यमुना उमडि चलत है इन नैनन के नीर ॥
इन नैन न के नीर सखी री सेज भई घर नाव।
चाहत हौं ता ही पर चढ़ि कै हरि जी के ढिग जाव ॥
लाल प्यारे प्राण हमारे रहे अधर पर आई।
सूरदास प्रभु कुंज विहारी मिलत नहीं क्यों धाई ॥ ३२ ॥

Item No. 137.

काहे को पिय पिय हि रटत हौ पिय को प्रेम तेरो प्राण हरेगो।
काहे को लेति नयन जल भरि भरि नयन भरे ते कैसे शूल टरेगो ॥
काहे को श्वास उसांस लेति हौ बैरी विरह को दवा जरैगो।
छाल सुगंध सेज पुहुपावलि हार छुए ते हिय हारु जरैगो ॥
बदन दुराय बैठि मन्दिर में बहुर निशापति उदय करैगो।
'सूर' सखी अपने इन नैनन चंद्र चितै जिन चंद्र जरैगो ॥ ३३ ॥

Item No. 138.

ऊधो कहां की प्रीति हमारे।
अजहुं रहत तन हरि के सिधारे ॥

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छिद छिद जात विरह शर मारे,
पुरि पुरि आवत अवधि विचारे।
फटति न हृदय संदेश तुम्हारे,
कुलिश ते कटिन धुकत दोउ तारे॥
वर्षत नयन महाजल धारे,
उर पषान विदरत न विदारे।
जीवन मरन दोऊ दुख भारे,
कहियत 'सूर' लाज पतिहारे ॥ ३४॥

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VII. NARSI

Gujarati Songs

Item No. 139.

कृष्ण जी कृष्ण जी कृष्ण जी कहतां रे उठो रे प्राणी।
कृष्ण जी ना नाम विना जे बोलो तो मिथ्यारे वाणी॥
कृष्ण जी ए वास्युं रुडुं गोकुलीऊं रे गाम।
कृष्ण जी ए पूरी मारा मनडा केरी हाम॥
कृष्ण जी एअहल्या तारि गणिका ओधारी।
कृष्ण जी ना नाम ऊपर जाऊं बलिहारी॥
कृष्ण जी माता, कृष्ण जी पिता, कृष्ण सहोदर भाई।
अंतकाले जाऊं एकलडा साथे श्री कृष्ण जी सगाई॥
कृष्ण जी कृष्ण जी कहेतां कृष्ण सरीखा थाशो।
भणे रे नरसयो सेहेजे, तमें वैकुण्ठे जाशो ॥ १ ॥

Item No. 140.

कृष्ण कहो कृष्ण कहो आ अवसर छे के'वानु।
पाणीतो सर्वे बरसी जाशे रामनाम छे रे'वानु॥
रावण सरखा भट चाल्या अन्तकालनी आंटी मां।
पलकवार मां पकडी लीधा जाणो जमनी घांटी मां॥
लखेसरी लाखो लुटाया काले ते नाख्या कूटी ने।
क्रोडपति नूं जोर न चाल्युं ते नर गया उटी ने॥
ए कहेवानुं सोने कहिये निशदिन ताली लागी रे।
कहे नरसैयो भजतां प्रभु ने भवनी भावट भागीरे ॥ २ ॥

Item No. 141.

हरि हरि रटण कर कठण कलिकाल मां,
दाम बे से नहिं काम सरसे।
भक्त आधीन छे श्यामसुंदर सदा,
ते तारां कारज सिद्ध कर शे॥

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अल्प सुखसारूंशुं मूढ फूल्यो फरे,
शीशपर काल रह्यो दंत करड़े।
पामर पलकनी खबर तुजने नहीं
मूढ शुं जोइने मूंछ मरडे॥
प्रौढ पापे करी बुद्धि पाछी फरी,
परहरी थड शुं डाले वलग्यो।
ईशने ईर्षा छे नहीं जीव पर,
आपणे अवगुणे रह्यो रे अलगो॥
परपञ्च परहरो सार हृदये धरो,
उचरो हरि मुखे अचल वाणी।
नरसैया हरितणी भक्ति भूलीश मां,
भक्ति बिना बीजुं धूलधाणी ॥ ३ ॥

Item No. 142.

नारायणनुं नामजलेतां वारे तेने तजियेरे।
मनसा वाचा कर्मणाकरीने लक्ष्मीवर ने भजिये रे॥
कुल ने तजिये कुटुम्ब ने तजिये तजिये मा ने बाप रे।
भगिनि सुत दाराने तजिये जेम तजे कंचुकी सांप रे॥
प्रथम पिता प्रह्लादे तजियो, नवतजियु हरिनुंनाम रे।
भरत शत्रुघ्ने तजी जनेता, नव तजिया श्री राम रे॥
ऋषि पत्नी श्री हरि ने काजे, तजिया निज भरथार रे।
तेमां तेनुं कांइये न गयुं पामी पदारथ चार रे॥
ब्रजवनिता विट्ठल ने काजे सरब तजी बन चाली रे
भणे नरसैयो वृन्दावन मां ते तो घणुं माहली रे ॥ ४ ॥

Item No. 143.

वैष्णवजनं तो तेने कहिये जे पीड पराई जाणे रे।
परदुःखे उपकार करे तोये मन अभिमान न आणे रे॥

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सकल लोक मां सहुने वंदे निन्दा न करे केनी रे।
वाच काछ मन निश्चल राखे धन धन जननी तेनी रे॥
समदृष्टि ने तृष्णा त्यागी परस्त्री जे ने मात रे।
जिह्वाथकी असत्य न बोले परधन नवझाले हाथ रे॥
मोह माया व्यापे नहि जेने दृढ वैराग्य जेना मन मां रे।
रामनामशुं ताली लागी सकल तीरथ तेना तन मां रे॥
वणलोभी ने कपट रहित छे काम क्रोध निवार्या रे।
भणे 'नरसैयो' तेनुं दरशन करतां कुल एकोतेर तार्या रे॥ ॥ ५ ॥

Item No. 144.

तूं तारा विरद सांहांमू जो जे शामला न जोईश करणी हमारी रे॥
हिरण्यकशिपु ने हाथे हणीयो मासी पूतना मारी रे।
प्रह्लाद कारण स्थंभ मां वशीया प्रगटया देव मोरारी रे॥
लाखाग्रेह मां जेम पांडव उगार्या ब्रह्मांड ज्वाला व्यापी रे।
अर्ध वचने गज गणिका तारी जयदेवने पद्मिनी आपी रे॥
दुष्ट सभा मां जेम चीरज पुर्या लाज पंचालिनी पाली रे।
तेल कढ़ा जेम शीतल कीधी वेला सुधन्वानी वाली रे॥
ऋषिश्वरे जेम अहल्या श्रापी ब्रह्म - सल्या थई भारी रे
ते पण तारे चरणे रघुबर थई अनोपम नारी रे॥
मीरांबाईना बिष अमृत कीधां विदुरनी आरोग्या भाजी रे।
सबरी ने जेम बोरज प्राश्यां ते नी प्रीते थया राजी रे॥
अनेक भक्त आगे उगार्यां सहाय थया मोरारी रे।
नरसैयाचा स्वामी लक्ष्मीवर मोठी ओथ तमारी रे ॥ ६ ॥

Item No. 145.

संसारनो भय निकट न आवे श्रीकृष्ण गोविंद गोपाल गातां।
उगर्यो परीक्षित श्रवणे सुणता ताल वेणा विष्णुना गुण गातां॥
बालक ध्रव दृढभक्त जाणी अविचल पदवी आपी।
असुर प्रह्लाद ने उगारी लीधा जनम जनमनां पडतां आपी॥

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देवना देव तूं कृष्ण आदि देवा तारुं नाम लेतां अभयपद दाता ।
ते तारा नाम ने नरसैंयो नित्य जपे सारकर सारकर विश्वख्याता ।। ७ ।।

Item No. 146.

संतो हमे रे वेवारिया श्री राम नाम ना ।
वेपारी आवे छे बधागाम गाम ना ।।
हमारूं वसाणुं साधु सऊको ने भावे ।
अढारे वरण जेने हो रवाने आवे ।।
हमारूं वसाणुं काल दुकालें न खूटे ।
जेने राजा न दंडे जेनें चोर न लूंटे ।।
लाख बिनाना लेखा नहिं ने पार बिनानी पूंजी ।
होरवुं होय तो होरी लेजो कस्तूरी छे सोंधी ।। ८ ।।

राम नाम धन हमारे बाजे न गाजे ।
छप्पन ऊपर भेर भेरी भूंगल बाजे ।।
आवरो ने खाता बहीमां लक्ष्मीवरनु नाम ।
चीठी मां चतुरभुज लखिया नरसैंयानु काम ।। ९ ।।

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VIII. CHANDIDAS

Bengali Songs

Item No. 147.

तुमि दिवाभागे लीलानुरागे भ्रम सदा बने बने।
ताहे तव मुख नादेखियादुख पाई बहु क्षणे क्षणे॥
त्रुटि समकाल मानि जंजाल युग तुल्य हय ज्ञान।
तोमार विरह मन स्थिर नहे व्याकुलित हय प्रान॥
कुटिल कुन्तल कत सुनिर्मल श्रीमुख मण्डल शोभा।
हेरि हय मने ए दुई नयने निमेष दियाछे केवा॥
जाहे सर्वक्षण हय दरशन निवारण सेईकरे।
ओहे प्राणधिक कि कव अधिक दोष दिया विधाता रे॥
तुमि से आमार आमि से तोमार सुहृदके आछे आर।
खेदे 'रामी' कय चण्डीदास विना जगत देखि आंधार॥

Item No. 148.

. . . . शुन रजकिनी रामि।
ओदुठी चरण शीतल वलिया शरण लईनु आमि॥
तुमि वेदवादिनी हरेर घरणी तुमि जे नयन तारा।
तोमार भजने त्रिसन्ध्या याजने तुमि से गलार हारा॥
रजकिनी रूप किशोरी स्वरूप काम गन्ध नाहि ताय।
रजकिनी प्रेम निकषित हेम बडु चण्डीदास गाय॥

Item No. 149.

सईकेवा शुनाईले श्याम नाम।
कानेरभीतर दिया मरमे पशिल गो।
आकुल करिल मोर प्राण॥
ना जानि कतेक मधु श्याम नामे आछे गो।
वदन छांडित नाहि पारे॥

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जपिते जपिते नामे अवश करिल गो
के मने वा पाइव सई तारे ।।
नाम परतापे यार ऐछन करिल गो
अंगेर परशे किवा हय ।।
जेखाने वसति तार नयाने देखियागो
युवती धर्म कैछे रय ।।
पासरिते करि मने पासरा ना याय गो
कि करिव कि हवे उपाय ।
कहे द्विज चण्डीदासे कुलवती कुलनाशे
आपनार यौवन याचाय ॥ १ ॥

Item No. 150.

श्यामसुन्दर शरण आमार
श्याम श्याम सदासार ।
श्याम से जीवन श्याम प्राणधन
श्याम से गलार हार ।।
श्याम से बेसर श्याम वेष मोर
श्याम शाड़ी परि सदा ।
श्याम तनु मन भजन पूजन
श्यामदासी ह'लो राधा ।।
श्याम धन बल श्याम जाति कुल
श्याम से सुखेर निधि ।
श्याम हेन धन अमूल्य रतन
भाग्ये मिलायल विधि ।।
कोकिल भ्रमर करे पञ्च स्वर
वंधुया पेयेछि कोले ।
हियार माझारे राखिया श्यामेरे
द्विज चण्डीदासे बोले ॥ २ ॥

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Item No. 151.

काल जल ढालिते सखि ! काला पड़े मने ।
निरवधि देखि काला शयने स्वपने ॥
काल केश एलाईया वेश नाहि करि ।
काल अञ्जन आमि नयने ना परि ॥
आलो सखि ! मुई शुनिलाम निदान ।
विनोद बंधुया विनेना रहे परान ॥
मनेर दुखेर कथा मने से रहिल ।
फूटिल से श्याम शेल वाहिर नहिल ॥
'चण्डीदास' कहे रूप शेलेर समान ।
नाहि वाहिराय शेल दग्धे पराण ॥ ॥ ३ ॥

Item No. 152.

आगुनि ज्वालिया मरमे पुडिया
कत निवारिव मन ।
गरल भखिया आपनि मरिव
नतुवालउक शमन ॥
सखि ! ज्वालह अनल चिताय
सीमन्तिनी लइया केश सजाइया
सिंदूर देह जे सिंथाय ॥
तनु तेयागिया सती जे हईव
साधिव मनेर मत ।
मरिले से पति आसिवे संहति
आमारे सेविवे कत ॥
तखनि जानिवे विरह वेदना
परेर लागिया जत ।
तापित हईले ताप जे जानये
शीतल हइले कत ॥

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विरह वेदन ना जाने आपन
दरदेर दरदी नय।
चण्डीदास भणे पर दरदेर
दरदी हईले हय ॥ ४ ॥

Item No. 153.

उठिते किशोरी वसिते किशोरी
किशोरी गलार हार।
किशोरी भजन किशोरी पूजन
किशोरी चरण सार ॥
शयने स्वप्ने गमने किशोरी
भोजन किशोरी आगे।
करे करे बांशी फिरि दिवा निशि
किशोरीर अनुरागे ॥
किशोरी चरणे पराण संपेछि
भावेते हृदय भरा।
देख हे किशोरी अनुगत जने
करो न चरण छाड़ा ॥
किशोरीर दास आमि पीतवास
इहाते संदेह जार
कोटी युग यदि आमारे भजये
विफल भजन तार ॥
कहिते कहिते रसिक नागर
तितल नयन जले।
चण्डीदास कहे नवीन किशोरी
बंधु रे करल कोले ॥ १ ५ ॥

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Item No. 154.

बंधु ! कि आर बलिबे तोरे ॥
अलप वयसे पीरिति करिया
रहिते ना दिलि घरे ॥
कामना करिया सागरे मरिब
साधिब मनेर साधा ।
मरिया हईब श्रीनन्दनंदन
तोमारे करिब राधा ॥
पीरिति करिया छांडिया जाईब
रहिबे कदम्ब तले ।
त्रिभङ्ग हईया मुरली बाजाब
जखन जाईबे जले ॥
मुरली शुनिया मोहित हईबे
सहजे कुलेर बाला ।
चण्डीदास कय तखनि जानिबे
पीरिति केमन ज्वाला ॥ ॥ ६ ॥

Item No. 155.

बंधु ! कि आर बलिबे आमि ।
जीवने मरणे जनमे जनमे
प्राणनाथ हईब तुमि ॥
तोमार चरणे आमार पराणे
लागिल प्रेमेर फांसि ।
सब समर्पिया एक मन हईया
निश्चय हईलाम दासि ॥
भाविया छिलाम ए तिन भुवने
आर मोर केह आछे ।
'राधाबलि' केह शुधाईते नाई
दिबस रजनी काहे ॥

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एकूले उ कूले दुकूले गोकुले
आपना वलिव काय ।
शीतल बलिया शरण लईनु
उ दुठि कमल पाय ।।
ना ठेलइ छले अबला अखले
जय हय उचित तोर ।
भाविया देखिनु प्राणनाथ बिने
गति जे नाहिक मोर ।।
आंखिर निमिख यदि ना देखि
तवे से पराणें मरि ।
चण्डीदास कहे परश रतन
गलाय गांथिया परि ।। ॥ ७ ॥

Item No. 156.

बंधु ! तुमि से आमार परान ।
देहमन आदि तोहारे संपेछि
कुल शील जाति मान ।।
अखिलेर नाथ तुमि हे कालिया
योगीर आराध्य धन ।
गोप गोयालिनी हाम अति हीना
ना जानि भजन पूजन ।।
पिरीति रसेते ढालि तनु मन
दियाछि तोमार पाय ।
तुमि मोर पति तुमि मोर गति
मन नाहि आन ताय ।।
कलङ्की बालेया डाके सव लोके
ताहाते नाहिक दुःख ।
तोमार लागिया कलंकेर हार
गलाय परिते सुख ।।

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सती वा असती तोमाते विदित
भाल मन्द नाहि जानि।
कहे चण्डीदास पाप पुण्य मम
तोमारि चरण खानि ॥ ॥ ८ ॥

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सुधा छानियाकेवा ओ सुधा ढेलेछे गो
ते मति श्यामेर चिकण देहा।
अञ्जन गञ्जियाकेवा खञ्जन आनिल रे
चांद निङाडि कैल थेहा ॥
से थेहा निङाडिकेवा मुखाबनाईलरे
जवा छानिया कैल गण्ड।
विम्वफल जिनिकेवा ओष्ठ गढल रे
भुज जिनि करी शुण्ड ॥
कम्बू जिनिया केवा कण्ठ बनाईल रे
कोकिल जिनिया सुस्वर।
आर्द्र माखिया केवा सार्द्र बनाईल रे
एछन देखि पीताम्बर ॥
विस्तारि पाषाणे केवा रतन वसाईल रे
एमति लागये बूकेर शोभा।
दाम कुसुमे केवा सुषमा करेछे रे
एमति तनुर देखि आभा ॥
आदलि ऊपरेकेवा कदली रोपल रे
ऐछन देखि ऊरुयुगे
अंगुलि उपरे केवा दर्पण वसाईल रे
नखीकुल केवे युगे मुगे।

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कि बूके दारुण व्यथा।
से देशे जाइव जे देशे ना शुनि
पाप पीरितिर कथा ॥
सखि ! के बले पीरिति भाल।
हसिते हसिते पीरिति करिया
कादिते जनम गेल ॥
कुलवती हैया कूले दांड़ाईया
जे धनी पीरिति करे।
तूषेर आनल जेन साजाईया
एमति पूड़िया मरे ॥
हाम अभागिनी ए दुःखे दुखिनी
प्रेमे छल छल आंखि।
'चण्डीदास' कहे जे गति हईल
पराण संशय देखि ॥ ॥ १० ॥

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सखि ! मरम कहि जे तोके।
पीरिति बलिया ए तिन आंखर
कभु ना अनिव मुखे ॥
पीरिति मूरति कभुना हेरिव
ए दुठी नयान कोणे।
पीरिति बलिया नाम शुनाईते
मूदिया रहिव काणे ॥
पीरिति नगरे वसति त्यजिया
थाकिव गहन वने।
पीरिति बलिया ए तिन आंखर
जेन ना पड़ये मने ॥

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पीरिति पावक परश करिया
पूड़िछे ए निशि दिवा।
पीरिति विच्छेद सहने ना जाय
कहे चण्डीदास किवा ॥ ॥ ११ ॥

Item No. 160.

धिकरहु जीवने पराधिनी जेह।
ताहार अधिक धिक परवश नेह ॥
ए पाप कपाले विधि एति लिखिल।
सुधार सागर मोर गरल हईल ॥
अमिया बलिया यदि डुब दिनु ताय।
गरल भेदिया केने उठिल हियाय ॥
शीतल बलिया यदि पाषाण करि कोले।
पीरीति अनल तापे पाषाण से गले ॥
छाया देखि बसि यदि तरु लता बने।
ज्वलिया उठेये तरु लता पाता सने ॥
यमुनार जले यदि दिये हाम झांप।
पराण जुड़ावे कि अधिक उठे ताप ॥
अतएव से ए छार पराण जावे किसे।
निचये भखिमु मुई ए गरल बिषे ॥
चण्डीदास कहे दैव गति नाहि जान।
दारुण पीरिति मोर बधिले परान ॥ ॥ १२ ॥

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पीरिति नगरे वसति करिव
पीरिति बांधिव घर।
पीरिति देखिया पड़सि करिव
ता बिन सकलि पर ॥

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पीरिति द्वारेर कपाट करिव
पीरिति बांधिव चाल।
पीरिति आश के सदाई थाकिव
पीरिति गोडाव काल ।।
पीरिति पालङ्के शयन करिव
पीरिति सिथान माथे।
पीरिति बालिसे आलिस त्यजिव
थाकिव पीरिति साथे ।।
पीरिति सरसे सिनान करिव
पीरिति अञ्जन लव
पीरिति धरम पीरिति करम
पीरिति पराण दिव ।।
पीरिति नासार वेशर करिव
दुलिवे नयान कोणे।
पीरिति अञ्जन लोचने परिव
द्विज चण्डीदास भणे ।।

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IX. VIDYAPATI

Maithili Songs

Item No. 162.

मरिब मरिब सखि निश्चय मरिब।
कान्ह हेन गुन निधि कारे दिया जाव॥
तोमरा जतेक सखि थेको मभु संगे।
मरन काले कृष्ण नाम लिखो मभु अंगे॥
ललिता प्राणेर सखि मंत्र दियो काने।
मारा देह पडे जेन कृष्ण नाम शुने॥
ना पोड़ेइये राधा अंग ना भासाईये जले।
मरिले तुलिये रेखो तमालेरि डाले॥
सेई तो तमाल तरू कृष्ण वरन हय।
अविरत तनु मोर ताहे जनु रय॥
कबहुं सो पिया यदि आसे वृन्दावने।
परान पाएव हाम पिया दरशने॥
पुनि यदि चांद मुख देखने न पाव।
विरह अनल माह तनु तेयागिव॥
भनये विद्यापति शुन बरनारि।
धैरज धर चिते मिलब मुरारि॥ ॥ १ ॥

Item No. 163.

सजनि! के कह आउव माधाई?
विरह पयोधि पार किये पाउव
मभु मने नहि पतियाई॥
एखन तखन करि दिवस गमाउल
दिवस दिवस करि मासा।
मास मास करि वरष गमाउल
छोडलू जीवन आशा॥

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वरष वरष करि समय गमाउल
खोयलूं तनुक आशे।
हिमकर किरण नलिनी यदि जारव
कि करव माधववी मासे॥

अङ्कुर तपन तापे यदि जारव
कि करव वारिद मेहे।
इह नव यौवन विरहे गमाउव
कि करव से पिया नेहे॥

हरि हरि के इह दैव दुराशा।
सिन्धु निकटे यदि कण्ठ शुखायव
के दूर करव पियासा †॥

चन्दन तरु जव सौरव छोड़व
शशधर वरिखव आगि।
चिन्तामणि जव निज गुण छोड़िव
कि मोर करम अभागि॥

श्रावण माह घन विन्दु न वरिखव
सुरतरु झांझ कि छांदे।
गिरिधर सेवि ठाम नाहि पायव
'विद्यापति' रहु धांधे॥ ॥ २॥

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† Cp. The Sufi Couplet : तिश्नगी और भी भड़कती गई।
ज्यों ज्यों मैं आंसुवों को अपने पिया॥ (Anon)॥

†† Cp. Jelaluddin Rumi: वर शाहे खूबरुयां वाजिब वफ़ा न बाशद।
एज़र्द रुए आशिक़ तू सब्र कुन वफ़ा कुन॥
दर्देस्त गैर मुरदन आंरा दवा न बाशद।
या सब्र जमो न गोयम आं दर्द रा दवा कुन॥

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नाह दरश सुख विधि कैले बाद।
आङ्कुरे भाङ्गल विनि अपराध॥
सुखमय सागर मरु भूमि भेल।
जलद निहारि चातक मरि गेल॥
आन कयल चिते विधि कैले आन।
अब नाहि निकसये कठिन परान॥
ए सखि बहुत कयल हिय माह।
दरशन ना भेल सुपुरुष नाह॥
श्रवणहि श्याम नाम करु गान।
जपईते निकसऊ कठिन परान॥
विद्यापति कह सुपुरुष नारि।
मरण समापल प्रेम विथारि॥ ॥ ३ ॥

Item No. 165.

माधव बहुत मिनति करों तोय॥
देई तुलसी तिल ए देह समर्पिनु
दया जानि छोडवि मोय॥
गणईते दोषगुण लेश ना पाओवि
जव तुहिं करवि विचार।
तुहुं जगन्नाथ जगते कहायसि
जग बाहिर नह त्रेय मोज्ञे छार॥
कय मानुष पशु पाखी जनमिये
अथवा कीट पतंग।
करम विपाके गतागति पुन पुन
मति रहु तुया परसङ्ग॥
भणे विद्यापति अतिशय कातर
तराई ते इह भवसिन्धु।
तुया पदपल्लव करि अवलम्बन
तिल एक देह दीनबन्धु॥ ॥ ४ ॥

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अनुक्षण माधव माधव सोञरिते
सुन्दरी भेली माधाई।
ओ निज भाव स्वभावहि विछुरल
आपन गुण लुब्धाई॥
माधव अपरूप तोहारि सुलेह।
आपनि विरहे आपनि तनु जर जर
जीवईते भेल संदेह॥
भोरहि सहचरी कातर दिठि हेरी
छल छल लोचन पानि।
अनुषन राधा राधा नाम रटतहि
आध आध कहि वाणी॥
राधे सञ्जे जव पुनि तहि माधव
माधव संगे जव राधा।
दारुण प्रेम तवहि नाहि टूटत
वाढत विरहक बाधा॥
दुहु दिशि दारु दहने जेछे दगधई
आकुल कीट पराण।
एछन वल्लभ हेरि सुधामुखी
कवि 'विद्यापति' भाण॥ ॥ ५ ॥

Item No. 167.

जो जन मन माह से नह दूर।
कमलिनी बंधु होय जइसे सूर॥
एसन वचन कहय सब कोय।
हमर हृदय परतित नहि होय॥
जकर परश विसलेष जर आगि।
हृदयक मृगमद शोभि नहिलागि॥

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से यदि दूरहि करतहि बास।
हा हरि सुनतहि लाग तरास ।। ।। ६ ।।

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हरि कि मथुरापुर गेल
आज गोकुल शून्य भेल।
रोदति पिञ्जर शुके
धेनु धावई माथुर मुखे ।।
अब सोई यमुनार कूले।
गोप गोपी नाहि बूले ।।
सागरे तेजव परान्।
आन जनमे हव कान ।।
कानु होयब जव राधा।
तव जानव विरहक बाधा ।।
'विद्यापति' कह नीत।
अव रोदन नह समुचित ।। ।। ७ ।।

Item No. 169.

चीर चन्दन उरे हार न देला।
सो अब नदी गिरी आंतर भेला ।।
पियाक गरवे हम काहक ना गणला।
सो पिया विना मोहे को कि ना कहला ।।
बड़ दुःख रहल मरमे।
पिया बिछुरल यदि कि आर जीवने ।।
पूरव जनमे विधि लिखिल भरमे।
पियाक दोष नहि जे छिल करमे ।।
आन अनुरागे पिया आन देशे गेला।
पिया बिना पांजर झांझर भेला।
भणय 'विद्यापति' शुनि वरनारि।
धैरज धरि चिते मिलव मुरारि ।। ।। ८ ।।

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प्रेमक अङ्कुर जात आत भेल।
न भेल युगल पलाशा।
प्रतिपद चांद उदय जैसे यामिनी
सुख लव भै गेल निराशा॥
सखि हे अब मोहे निठुर मधाई
अवधि रहल बिसराई॥
सुर तरु जव तल छाया छोडल
हिमकर वरिखयं आगि।
दिनकर दिन फले शीत न वारल
हम जीयव कथि लागि॥
सजनि आव नहि बूझिये विचारि
धनका आरति धणपति न पूरल
रहल जनम दुख भार॥
को जाने चांद चकोरिणी वञ्चव
माधवी मधुप सुजान।
अनुभवि कानु पिरीति अनुमानिये
विघटित विधि निरमान॥
पाप पराण मम आन नहि जानत
कान्ह कान्ह करि झुर।
विद्यापति कहे निकरुण माधव
गोविन्द दास रस पूर॥ ॥८॥

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X. CHAITANYA

Sanskrit Shlokas

Item No. 171.

चेतो दर्पण मार्जनं भव महा दावाग्नि निर्वापणं
श्रेयः कैरव चंद्रिका वितरणं विद्या वधू जीवनम् ।
आनन्दाम्बुधि वर्धनं प्रतिपदं पूर्णामृतास्वादनं
सर्वात्मस्नपनं परं विजयते श्री कृष्ण सङ्कीर्तनम् ॥ ॥ १ ॥

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नाम्नाकारी बहुधा निज सर्वशक्तिस्तत्रर्पितानियमितःस्मरणे न कालः ।
तत्रादृशि तव कृपा भगवन्ममापि दुर्दैवमीदृशमिहा जनिनानुरागः ॥ २ ॥

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तृणादपि सुनीचेन तरोरपि सहिष्णुना ।
अमानिना मानदेन कीर्त्तनीयः सदाहरिः ॥ ॥ ३ ॥

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न धनं न जनं न सुन्दरी कवितां वा जगदीश कामये ।
मम जन्मनि जन्मनीश्वरे भवताद् भक्तिरहैतुकी त्वयि ॥ ॥ ४ ॥

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अयि नन्द तनुज किङ्करं पतितं मां विषये भवाम्बुधौ ।
कृपया तव पाद पङ्कज स्थित धूली सदृशं विचिन्तय ॥ ॥ ५ ॥

Item No. 176.

नयनं गलदश्रुधारया वदनं गद्गद रुद्धया गिरा ।
पुलकैर्निचितं वपुः कदा तव नाम ग्रहणे भविष्यति ॥ ॥ ६ ॥

Item No. 177.

युगायितं निमेषेण चक्षुषाः प्रावृषायितम् ।
शून्यायितं जगत् सर्वं गोविन्द विरहेण मे ॥ ॥ ७ ॥

Item No. 178.

आश्लिष्य वा पादरतां पिनष्टु मामदर्शनमर्म हतां करोतु वाः ।
यथा तथा वा विदधातु लम्पटो मत्प्राणनाथस्तु स एव ना परः ॥ ८ ॥

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XI. TUKARAM

Marathi Songs

Item No. 179.

अवघ्या दशा येणें चि साधती ।
मुख्य उपासना सगुण भक्ति ॥
प्रगटे हृदयीं ची मूर्त्ति ।
भावशुद्धि जाणोनियां ॥
बीज आणि फल हरी चें नाम ।
सकल पुण्य सकल धर्म ॥
सकलां कलां चें हे वर्म ।
निवारी श्रम सकल ही ॥ ध्रु० ॥
जेथें हरि कीर्तन हें नाम घोष ।
करिती निर्लज्ज हरि चे दास ॥
सकल वोथंबले रस ।
तुटती पाश भव बंधाचे ॥
येती अंगा वसती लक्षणें ।
अंतरीं देवें धरिलें ठाणें ॥
आपणचि येतीतयाचे गुणें ।
जाणें येणें खुंटे वस्तीचें ॥
नलगे सांडवा आश्रम ।
उपजले कुली चें धर्म ।
आणीक न करावे श्रम ।
पुरे एकनाम विठोबा चें ॥
वेद पुरुष नारायण ।
योगियां चे ब्रह्म शून्य ।
मुक्ता आत्मा परिपूर्ण ।
'तुका' म्हणे सगुण भोल्या आम्हां ॥ ॥ १ ॥

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Item No. 180.

गुरुशिष्यण। हें तो अधम लक्षण।
भूतीं नारायण खरा। आप तैसाचि दूसरा॥
मेघ वृष्टि में करावा उपदेश। परि गुरुने न करावा शिष्य।
वाटा लाभे त्यास। केल अर्ध कर्मा चा।
एक मेकां साह्य करूं। अवघे धरूं सुपंथ।
उपदेशी 'तुका'। मेघवृष्टि नें आइका।
संकल्पासी धोका। सहज तें उत्तम॥ ॥ २ ॥

Item No. 181.

माझें लेखीं देव मेला। असां त्याला असेल॥
. . . . .
पापी म्हांणों तरी आठवितों पाय। दोष वलीकाय तयाहुनी॥
. . . . .
जरी मा नव्हतों पतित। तरी तूं कैचा पावन येथ॥
म्हाणोनि माझें नाम आधीं। मग तूं पावन कृपानिधि॥ ३ ॥

Item No. 182.

विठाबाई! विश्वम्भरे! भवच्छेदके।
कोठें गुंतलीस अगे विश्व व्यापके॥
न करीं न करीं न करीं आतां आलस आहेरू।
व्यहवया प्रगट कैचें दुरी अंतरु॥ ॥ ४ ॥

Item No. 183.

कास्यासी आम्हीं व्हावें जीवन्मुक्त। सांडुनियां थीत प्रेम सुख
सुख आम्हां साठीं केलें हें निर्माण निर्दैव तेकोण हाणे लाथा॥ ५ ॥

Item No. 184.

नको ब्रह्मज्ञान आत्मस्थिति भाव।
मी भक्त तूं देव ऐसें करी॥
दावीं रूप मज गोपिका रमणा।
ठेवूं दे चरणावरी माथा॥ ध्रु०॥ ॥ १० ॥

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पाहेन श्री मुख देईन आलिंगन ।
जीवें लिंबलोण उतरीन ।
पुसतां सांगेन हितगुजमात ।
वैसोनि एकान्त सुख गोष्टी ।
'तुका' म्हणे यासी न लावी उशीर ।
माझें अभ्यंतर जाणोनियां ॥ ॥ ६ ॥

Item No. 185.

धरिलें रूप कृष्ण नामबुंथी । परब्रह्म क्षितीं उतरलें ॥
उत्तम हे नाम रामकृष्ण जगीं । तरावया लागीं भव नदी ॥
देवकी नंदन ने । केलें आपुल्यां चिंतनें ॥
मज आपुलियां ऐसें । मना लावुनियां पिसें ॥
निगमाचें वन । नका शोधूं करूं शीण ॥
यारे गोलियांचें घरीं । बांध लेसे दावेवरी ॥
गीता जेणें उपदेशिली । ते हे विटेवरी माउली ॥
विट्ठल आमुचें जीवन । आगमनिगमाचें स्थान ॥
तो हा नंदाचा बालमुकुन्द । तान्हा म्हणवी परमानन्द ॥
विश्वों के जनिता । कहें यशोदा से माता ॥
पांडुरंग ध्यानीं पांडुरंग मनी । जागृतीं स्वप्नीं पांडुरंग ॥
दीन आणी दुर्बलासी । सुखराशि हरि कथा ॥
चरित्र तें उच्चारावें । केलें देवें गोकुलीं ॥
सांवलें रूपड़ें चोरटें चित्ताचें । उभय पंढरीचें विटेवरी ॥
डोलियांची घणीं पाहतां न पुरे । तयालागीं झुरे मन माझे ॥
प्राण निधों पाहे कूडी ये सांडोनी । श्री मुख नयनी न देखतां ॥
चित्त मोहियलें नंदाच्या नंदनें । तुका म्हणे येणें गरुड़ध्वजें ॥
॥ ७ ॥

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Item No. 186.

कथा त्रिवेणी संगम। देव भक्त आणि नाम॥
तेथीं चे उत्तम। चरण रज वंदितां॥
जलती दोषां चे डोंगर। शुद्ध होती नारीनर।
गाती एकती सादर। जे पवित्र हरि कथा॥ ॥८॥

Item No. 187.

विट्ठल विस्तारला जनीं। सप्तहि पातालें भरुनी॥
विट्ठल व्यापक त्रिभुवनीं। विट्ठल मुनि मानसीं ॥९॥

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XII. TULSIDAS

Hindi Songs

Item No. 188.

राम नाम कलि अभिमत दाता।
हित परलोक लोक पितु माता॥
नहि कलि करम न भगति विवेकू।
राम नाम अवलम्बन एकू॥
कालनेमि कलि कपट विधानू।
नाम सुमति समरथ हनुमानू॥
[दोः] राम नाम नरकेसरी कनक कसिपु कलिकाल।
जापक जन प्रहलाद जिमि पालिहि दलि सुरपाल॥ ॥ १॥

Item No. 189.

चलेउ हरषि रघुनायक पाहीं।
करत मनोरथ बहु मन माहीं॥
देखिहुँ जाइ चरन जल जाता।
अरुन मृदुल सेवक सुख दाता॥
जे पद परसि तरी रिषि नारी।
दण्डक कानन पावन कारी॥
जे पद जनक सुता उरलाये।
कपट कुरंग संग घर धाये॥
हर उरसर सरोज पद जेई।
अहो भाग्य मैं देखिहउँ तेई॥
[दोः] जिन्ह पायन्ह के पादुकन्हि भरतु रहे मन लाइ।
ते पद आज विलोकिहउं इन्ह नयनन्हि अब जाइ॥ ॥ २॥

Item No. 190.

[दोः] सरनागत कहुं जे तजहिं निज अनहित अनुमानि।
ते नर पामर पापमय तिन्हहि विलोकत हानि॥

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कोटि विप्रबध लागहिं जाहू।
आए सरन तजउं नहि ताहू॥
सनमुख होइ जीव मोहि जब हीं।
जन्म कोटि अघ नासहि तब हीं॥
निर्मल मन जन सो मोहि पावा।
मोहि कपट छल छिद्र न भावा॥
जौं सभीत आवा सरनाई।
राखिहुं ताहि प्रान की नाई॥ ॥ ३ ॥

Item No. 191.

नाथ दसानन कर मैं भ्राता।
निसिचर वंस जनम सुरत्राता॥
सहज पाप प्रिय तामस देहा।
जथा उलूकहि तम पर नेहा॥
[दो:] श्रवण सुजसु सुनि आयउं प्रभु भय भंजन भीर।
त्राहि त्राहि आरति हरन सरन सुखद रघुबीर॥ ॥ ४ ॥

Item No. 192.

हाथ मींजिबो हाथ रह्यो।
लगी न संग चित्रकूटहुतें, ह्यां कहा जात बह्यो॥
पति सुरपुर, सिय राम-लषन बन, मुनिव्रत भरत गह्यो।
हौं रहि घर मसान पावक ज्यों मरिबोइ मृतक दह्यो॥
मेरोइ हिय कठोर करिबे कंह बिधि कहुं कुलिस लह्यो।
तुलसी बन पहुंचाइ फिरी सुत, क्यों कछु परत कह्यो?॥ ॥ ५ ॥

Item No. 193.

आली! हौं इन्हहिं बुझावौं कैसे?
लेत हिय भरि भरि पति को हित, मातुहेतु सुत जैसे॥
बार बार हिहिनात हेरि उत, जो बोलै कोउ द्वारे।
अंचल लिए मारे हैं करुनामय सुत प्यारे॥

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लोचन सजल, सदा सोवत से खान पान बिसराए।
चितवत चौंकि नाम सुनि, सोचत राम सुरति उर आए॥
तुलसी प्रभुके बिरह बधिक हठि राजहंस से जोरे।
ऐसे हु दुखित देखि हौं जीवति राम लखन के घोरे॥ ॥ ६ ॥

Item No. 194.

राघौ! एक बार फिरि आवौ।
ए बर बाजि बिलोकि आपने, बहुरो बनहि सिधावौ॥
जे पय प्याइ, पोखि कर पंकज, बार बार चुचुकारे।
क्यों जीवहिं, मेरे राम लाड़िले! ते अब निपट बिसारे॥
भरत सौगुनी सार करत हैं, अति प्रिय जानि तिहारे।
तदपि दिनहिं दिन होत झांवरे, मनहु कमल हिम मारे॥
सुनहु पथिक! जो राम मिलहिं बन, कहियो मातु संदेसो।
तुलसी मोहि और सबहिन तें इन्हको बड़ो अंदेसो॥ ॥ ७ ॥

Item No. 195.

राघौ गीध गोद करि लीन्हों।
नयन सरोज सनेह सलिल सुचि मनहु अरघजल दीन्हों॥
सुनहु, लखन! खग पतिहि मिले बन मैं पितु मरन न जान्यौ।
सहि न सक्यौ सो कठिन विधाता, बड़ो पछु आजुहि मान्यौ॥
बहु बिधि राम कह्यौ तन राखन, परम धीर नहि डोल्यौ।
रोकि प्रेम, अवलोकि बदन-बिधु, बचन मनोहर बोल्यौ॥
तुलसी प्रभु झूठे जीवन लगि समय न धोखो लैहौं।
जा को नाम मरत मुनिदुरलभ तुमहि कहां पुनि पैहौं?॥ ॥ ८ ॥

Item No. 196.

मेरे जान तात! कछू दिन जीजै।
देखिये आप सुवन सेवा सुख, मोहि पितुको सुख दीजै॥
दिव्य देह, इच्छा जीवन जग विधि मनाइ मंगि लीजै।
हरि-हर-सुजस सुनाइ, दरस दै, लोग कृतारथ कीजै॥

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देखि बदन, सुनि बचन-अमिय, तन रामनयन-जल भीजै।
बोल्यो बिहग बिहंसि रघुबर, ! बलि, कहौं सुभाय पतीजै॥
मेरे मरिबो सम न चारि फल, होंहि तौ, क्यों न कहीजै ?
तुलसी प्रभुदियो उतरु मौन हीं, परी मानो प्रेम सहीजै॥ ॥ ९॥

Item No. 197

सुमन बरषि हरषे सुर मुनि मुदित सराहि सिहात।
केहि रुचि केहि छुधा सानुज मांगि मांगि प्रभुखात॥
प्रभु खात मांगत देति सबरी राम भोगी जाग के।
पुलकत प्रसंसत सिद्ध सिव सनकादिक भाजन भाग के॥
बालक सुमित्रा कौसिला के पाहुने फल साग के।
सुनि समुझि 'तुलसी' जानु रामहि बस अमल अनुराग के ॥ १०॥

Item No. 198.

कबहूं, कपि ! राघव आवहिंगे ?
मेरे नयन चकोर प्रीति बस राकाससि मुख दिखरावहिंगे॥
मधुप, मराल, मोर, चातक ह्वै लोचन बहु प्रकार धावहिंगे।
अंग अंग छबि भिन्न भिन्न सुख निरखि निरखि तहं तहं छावहिंगे॥
बिरह-अगिनि जरि रही लता ज्यों कृपादृष्टि-जल पलुहावहिंगे।
निज बियोग-दुख जानि दयानिधि मधुर बचन कहि समुझावहिंगे॥
लोकपाल, सुर, नाग, मनुज सब परे बंदि कब मुकतावहिंगे ?
रावनबध रघुनाथ बिमल जस नारदादि मुनिजन गावहिंगे॥
यह अभिलाष रैन-दिन मेरे, राज बिभीषन कब पावहिंगे।
तुलसीदास प्रभु मोह जनित भ्रम, भेदबुद्धि कब बिसरावहिंगे? ॥ ११॥

Item No. 199.

तुम्हरे बिरह भई गति जौन।
चित दै सुनहु, राम करुनानिधि ! जानौं कछु, पै सकौं कहि हौं न॥
लोचन नीर कृपिन के धनज्यों रहत निरंतर लोचनन-कोन।
'हा' धुनि खगी लाज पिंजरी मुंह राखि हिये बडे बधिक हठि मौन॥

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जेहि बाटिका बसति, तहं खग-मृग तजि तजि भजे पुरातन भौन।
स्वास समीर भेंट भइ भोरेहु, तेहि मग पगुन धरयो तिहुं पौन॥
तुलसिदास प्रभु ! दसा सीय की मुख करि कहत होति अति गौन।
दीजै दरस, दूरि कीजै दुख, हौ तुम्ह आरत-आरति दौन ॥ १२ ॥

Item No. 200.

अब लौं नसानी अब न नसै हौं।
राम कृपा भव निसा सिरानी, जागे फिरि न उसै हौं॥
पायेउं नाम चारु चिन्तामनि उर कर तें न खसै हौं।
स्याम रूप सुचि रुचिर कसौटी चित कंचनहिं कसै हौं॥
पर बस जानि हंस्यो इन इंद्रिन निज बस है न हंसैहौं।
मन मधुकर पन कै तुलसी रघुपति पद कमल बसै हौं॥ ॥ १३ ॥

Item No. 201.

मैं हरि पतित पावन सुनै।
मैं पतित तुम पतित पावन दोउ बानक बनै॥
ब्याध गनिका गज अजामिल साखि निगमनि भनै।
और अधम अनेक तारे जात कापै गनै॥
जानि नाम अजानि लीन्हें नरक सुर पुर मनै।
दास तुलसी सरन आयो राखिये आपनै॥ ॥ १४ ॥

Item No. 202.

रघुवर तुम को मेरी लाज।
सदा सदा मैं सरन तिहारी तुमहि गरीब निवाज॥
पतित उधारन विरद तुम्हारो स्रवनन सुनी अवाज।
हौं तो पतित पुरातन कहिये पार उतारो जहाज॥
अघ खंडन दुख भंजन जनके यही तिहारो काज।
तुलसीदास पर किरपा कीजै भगति दान देहु आज॥ ॥ १५ ॥

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Item No. 203.

काहे ते हरि मोहिं बिसारो।
जानत निज महिमा मेरे अघ तदपि न नाथ संभारो॥
पतित पुनीत दीन हित असरन सरन कहत श्रुति चारो।
हौं नहिं अधम सभीत दीन? किधौं बेदन मृषा पुकारो?॥
खग गनिका गज ब्याध पांति यहँ तहँ हौं हूं बैठारो।
अब केहि लाज कृपानिधान परसत पनवारो फारो॥
जो कलिकाल प्रबल अति होतो तुव निदेसतें न्यारो।
तौ हरि रोष भरोस दोष गुन तेहि भजते तजि गारो॥
मसक बिरंचि बिरंचि मसक सम करहु प्रभाऊ तुम्हारो।
यह सामर्थ अछत मोहि त्यागहु नाथ यहां कछु चारो॥
नाहिन नरक परत मो कहं डर जद्यपि हौं अति हारो।
यह बड़ि त्रास दास तुलसी प्रभु नामहु पाप न जारो ॥ १६॥

Item No. 204.

भरोसो जाहि दूसरो सो करो।
मो को तो राम को नाम कल्पतरु कलि कल्यान फरो॥
करम उपासन ग्यान बेदमत सो सब भांति खरो।
मोहि तो 'सावन के अंधहि' ज्यों सूझत रंग हरो॥
चाटत रह्यो स्वान पातरि ज्यों कबहुं न पेट भरो।
सो हौं सुमिरत नाम सुधारस पेखत परुसि धरो॥
स्वारथ औ परमारथ हू को नहि कुंजरो नरो।
सुनियत सेतु पयोधि पषाननि करि कपि कटक तरो॥
प्रीति प्रतीति जहां तहां ताको काज सरो।
मेरे तो माय बाप दोऊ आखर हौं सिसु अरनि अरो॥
संकर साखि जो राखि कहौं कछु तौ जरि जीह गरो।
अपनो भलो राम नामहि ते तुलसिहि समुझि परो ॥ १७॥

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Item No. 205.

कबहुंक अंब औसर पाई।
मेरि औ सुधि द्याइबी कछुकरुण कथा चलाई॥
दीन सब अंग हीन छीन मलीन अघी अघाई।
नाम लै भरै उदर एक प्रभु दासी दास कहाई॥
बूझि हैं सो है कौन कहि ओ नाम दसा जनाई।
सुनत राम कृपालू के मेरी बिगरि ओ बन जाई॥
जानकी जगजननि जन की किय बचन सहाइ।
तरै तुलसीदास भव तव नाथ गुन गन गाई॥ ॥ १८॥

Item No. 206.

और मोहि को है काहि कहि हौं?
रंक राज ज्यों मन को मनोरथ, केहि सुनाइ सुख लहि हौं॥
जम-जातना, जोनि संकट सब सहे दुसह अरु सहि हौं।
मोको अगम, सुगम तुमको प्रभु, तउ फल चारि न चहि हौं।
खेलिबे को खग-मृग तरु कंकर ह्वै रावरो राम हौं रहि हौं।
यहि नाते नरकहुं सचु, या बिनु परम पदहुं दुख दहि हौं॥
इतनी जिय लालसा दास के, कहत पान ही गहि हौं।
दीजै बचन कि हृदय आनिये 'तुलसी को पन निबहि हौं ॥ १९॥

Item No. 207.

ऐसी कवन प्रभु की रीति?
बिरद हेतु पुनीत परिहरि पांवरनि पर प्रीति॥
गई मारन पूतना कुच काल कूट लगाइ।
मातु की गति दई ताहि कृपालु जादवराइ॥
काम मोहित गोपकनि पर कृपा अतुलित कीन्ह।
जगत-पिता बिरचि जिन्ह के चरन की रज लीन्ह॥
नेम ते सिसुपाल दिन प्रति देत गनि गनि गारि।
कियो लीन सु आप में हरि राज सभा मंझारि॥

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ब्याध चित दै चरन मारयो मूढ़मति मृग जानि।
सो सदेह स्वलोक पठयो प्रगट करि निज बानि॥
कौन तिन्ह की कहै जिन्ह के सुकृत अरु अघ दोऊ।
प्रगट पातक रूप तुलसी सरन राख्यो सोऊ ॥ २० ॥

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XIII. THE LITTLE-KNOWN SAINT OF BRINDABAN

Sanskrit Shlokas

Item No. 208.

सूतिस्ते धनुषश्च वंशवरतो वन्देतयोरन्तिमम्
विद्धो येन जन्तस्तनुं विरहह्लान्तश्चिरं ताम्यैति।
विद्धानां हृदि मार पत्रि-विषमैर्ध्वा नेपुभिर्नस्त्वया
क्रूरे वंशि! न जीवनं न च मृतिर्धोर्धोरविरासीदृशा ॥ ॥ १ ॥
(विदग्ध माधव १–१०)

Item No. 209.

सरन्ध्रा नीरन्ध्रा भवति मुखरागैर्मधुपतेः
कठोरा सारस्यं गमयति कठोरान्तरमपि।
अतूष्णीका तूष्णीकयति मृगपक्षि प्रभृतिकं
स्वयं वंशे जाता विफलयति सद्वंशजवधूः ॥ ॥ २ ॥
(श्री आनंद वृन्दावन चम्पू—११—२६२)

Item No. 210.

स्वयं शून्याप्यन्तर्वहु वहति राग-व्यतिकरं
दध्यात्येकं पर्व प्रकटयति पर्वाणि शतशः।
कलान् धत्ते रम्यान् विकलयति सर्वं जगदहो
मुरारेर्वंशीयं जड़यति समुल्लास्यति च ॥ ॥ ३ ॥
(Ibid–११–२६३)

Item No. 211.

कलोऽप्यास्यः सूक्ष्मो विलसति विसारी त्रिभुवने
विशत्यन्तः श्रोत्रं सकलतनुपीडां रचयति।
रसं नानाकारं सहज मधुरोऽप्येष तनुते
कदाचित् पीयूषं वितरति कदाचित् विषमपि ॥ ॥ ४ ॥
(Ibid–११–२६४)

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Item No. 212.

न जाने सा वंश्युद्गिरति गरलं वामृतरसं
न जाने तन्नादोऽप्यशनिपरुषो वाम्बुमृदुलः।
न जाने चात्युष्णो ज्वलिदहनाद्वेन्दुशिशिरो
यातो जातोन्मादा मुमुहुरखिलास्ते व्रजजनाः ॥ ॥ ५ ॥

(श्री बृहद्भागवतामृतम्--)

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Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan

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